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EDITORIAL NOTES

IT was cheering to open one's *Times* the other day and find that the House of Commons had devoted some hours of debate to the preservation of beauty in town and country. Eighteen speeches were made, and all but one revealed a lively sense of the destruction and neglect which are spoiling Britain and the need of positive action on the part of the Government. The exception was the speech by the Government's spokesman, who put the onus of responsibility on the voluntary preservation societies, and suggested it was their duty to "educate" public opinion and persuade the local authorities to make use of their permissive powers.

On the day following the debate the Council for the Preservation of Rural England opened a new phase of its campaign at a luncheon presided over by Sir Lawrence Chubb. The National Trust has been promoting legislation to enable it to receive and preserve land or houses whose owners remain in occupation. The other societies are doing what they can in their various spheres of interest. No doubt we are right in asking them to exert their influence in creating public opinion, and it is just to point out that their campaign would be more effective if they joined forces and united their various organizations more closely. But it is unfair and utterly to misunderstand the magnitude of the problem to suggest that the whole initiative should rest with them, that it is they who ought to persuade impoverished local authorities to spend money they cannot afford, and that until they can rouse Britain to fever heat about the atrocities which are being committed the Government should not be expected to do anything.

VOTES FOR BEAUTY

The unanimity of the House of Commons on this question (ministers excepted) may itself be taken as some indication of public opinion. The destruction of buildings that ought to be preserved, the erection of buildings that ought to be forbidden,

the toleration of ribbon development on roads and on the seashore, misdirected or rather undirected "development," the persistence of litter, casual road and rail construction, the destruction of trees and the planting of the wrong trees—all of these are various aspects of an evil which is not only painful to persons capable of explaining their tastes, but is also impoverishing the lives of the masses. The latter cannot be expected at this stage to rise up in protest against the piece-meal destruction of rural charm and architectural seemliness or to foresee its ultimate ill-effects on national character. If we are going to wait for a mass vote on the preservation of beauty we shall probably wait till it has been destroyed.

* * *

Sir Halford Mackinder has been saying that the preservation of rural beauty should be made a national, not a local, charge. Mr. Bossom asks the Government to appoint, as the first step to action for the preservation of buildings, an advisory committee composed of men like Sir Guy Dawber and Sir Lawrence Chubb. Mr. Keeling goes the whole way and asks for a central authority charged with positive planning functions, to make a survey of all the national resources and needs of the country and initiate a national plan for both town and country. But beauty has never been put to the test by those who create election cries. Is it inconceivable that these questions should be raised to the rank of a first-class social issue and put to the country as a major plank in a political programme? The twentieth century is destroying the country as the nineteenth century destroyed the towns, says Mr. Keeling. Is it certain that mass interest could not be aroused in this question, and that votes could not be won if the case for beauty were stated? But it ought not to be necessary to make the decision rest upon any such verdict. If the Government chose to act it would have the support of disinterested people of all parties.

THE OXFORD APPEAL

Oxford University has now launched its big appeal "to the nation and to all English-speaking peoples" for funds to enable it to carry out essential schemes of equipment and endowment.

In reading this appeal and studying Lord Halifax's speech one is struck by the fact that Oxford is casting its net more widely to-day than it has ever cared to do before. It is no longer merely a home for the humanities, but aims at covering the whole field of knowledge—both abstract knowledge, and knowledge that may be applied in modern politics, social work, industry, war, and medicine.

There are some who may regret the arrival of these disturbing influences and the vanishing cloistral atmosphere in which scholars gave their working time principally to Greek and Latin, philosophy, history, "and even, alas, theology." But such regrets are vain. A University is not a University unless all branches of learning may be studied there. The more complex knowledge becomes, and the more specialized each separate field of inquiry, the more indispensable it is to breadth and sanity of living that specialists should not live exclusively in grooves of their own, isolated from other intellectual interests. Lord Halifax made the high claim for the universities that it is especially their business to maintain "true liberty of thought" when it is threatened, and to direct and defend "the progress of civilization." That perhaps is not an exaggeration if we understand the work of the Universities to be not that of merely promoting knowledge and ideas from their own centres at any given moments, professorially, academically, but also of educating a whole order of men and women who together will be responsible for the main job of running the country and propagating ideas.

* * *

If we think of their work in this way we see at once how important it is that Universities should not be turning out, on the one side, men of a narrowly scientific frame of mind, who will be prone to think in a purely engineering way, shall we say, or a medical way, or a biological way, or, on the other, men solely interested in what used to be known as the humanities. It is not desirable that the educated world should be divided into two sets, one of which might wish at all costs to preserve an Adelphi Terrace because it is old and beautiful, and the other wish to destroy it because something more practically useful could be put in its place. A university, where studies must necessarily be specialized, exists at the same time to create a unity out of all branches of study, and to turn out men with an urbane sense of this unity. Oxford cannot afford to be without economics, biology, pathology, and other sciences which once she looked askance at; and if it should happen, as it happened at Cambridge under the influence of Mr. I. A. Richards, that the study of literature should come to be dominated by pathology, it may be regarded as a phase full of interest, and not without medicinal value.

"LIT." AND MR. POTTER

Where, in this multiplicity of subjects which Oxford pursues, stands literature, English literature, the subject for which Mr.

Stephen Potter has invented a new word—"Lit."—or, more precisely, "Eng. Lit.," and academically "Lit. Ang."? No student of this subject at Oxford or any other university should neglect to read (is not that the proper "Lit" phrase?) his book, *The Muse in Chains* (Cape, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Potter is of those disillusioned ones who, having entered adult life with an eager interest in poetry and the art and subject-matter of writing—in a word literature—"sailed straight into the school of English Language and Literature" at Oxford, and soon found himself studying the "smooth poetistical language" of the "poet's poet" with "the dispiriting apparatus of notes." If the author of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, so careful in his imitations, so sophisticated in his use of now familiar classic models, was indeed the "poet's poet," then must not he, Mr. Potter, have been incurably prosaic, half-dead"? Or might it not be the case, as he surmises to-day, that Spenser is now certainly "the poet of Lit," the ideal subject-matter of the philologist, the grammarian, the seeker after literary sources, the analyst, the classifier, the industrious annotator and the informative lecturer?

* * *

Eng. Lit. is an example of the interpretation of the greater by the lesser: of great English writers by anecdotalists, antiquarians, hero-worshippers, pedants, and collectors.

That is Mr. Potter's provisional definition of what he means by "Eng. Lit."—though he finds it will not do, since it leaves out of account the most important element—"the fog, the pervasiveness," the fact that it is "an attitude rather than an act, a tone of voice rather than a method of treatment." And so, to make his meaning perfectly clear, he devotes a whole book to exploring the *Lit* attitude of mind, back among its sources in Elizabethan times, back among the first professional lecturers on literature in Scotland in the eighteenth century, and arrives at Saintsbury, the sublime incarnation of the *Lit* spirit in modern times, and the foundation at Oxford of the School of English Language and Literature, with the bright light of Walter Raleigh revealing literature on the one side, and the laboratory workers exploiting *Lit. Ang.* on the other. Can literature be taught? Can taste be taught? But that was not the decisive question, which was "How can you *examine* in literature and taste?" and "What subjects will be gritty enough for specialists to teach and students to get their teeth into?" It is worth noting as a part of Mr. Potter's elaborate joke that he has himself explored the documents, sifted the history and analysed the types, characteristics, and modifications of *Lit* through the centuries in the

perfect *Lit* manner, as if to say, "you see it is not because I cannot do this kind of thing myself."

* * *

Every University is faced with the problem. It is not as new as Mr. Potter seems to assume. It appeared, full-fledged, in the time of Aristotle, who had to lecture on the principles of poetic drama and on Rhetoric; and soon the whole of Greek literature was handed over to the tender mercies of the rhetoricians, the grammarians, the scholiasts who between them founded those studies on which English public school education is still largely based. But Oxford contrived to solve the problem so far as the classics were concerned. For students reading for classical Honours it cut down the period of philological study to about a year and a half; only one-third of the course was devoted to the study of classics in the pure *Lit* spirit; and in the final school of *Literae Humaniores* students were invited to explore the *subject-matter* of the classics—philosophy, and history—and the forms of thought to which they subsequently led.

* * *

If Oxford could do this for the Greek and Roman classics, could it not do the same thing for English literature? Could it not give such instruction in the subject-matter and life of literature as would be useful to students other than those who are preparing to teach English literature or *Eng. Lit.* in schools? A few scores of specialists—probably not more—are needed to purify our texts for us and do the indispensable spadework. But those who give their lives to research and in doing so render great services to literature will generally not be those to whom we shall look for literary criticism. The latter demands a catholic interest not in one period only, but in all periods of literature. Matthew Arnold was not a specialist. Walter Raleigh was not a specialist. They were critics. Saintsbury commands respect for his invaluable contribution to the history of the externals of literature, but his criticism, robust as it was, sometimes came near to the rankest philistinism. Edmund Gosse had much aptitude for criticism but little for pure literary scholarship. Posing as a scholar he once or twice got badly caught out. It is important to get rid of the superstition that a great faculty for research in the material of literature implies a faculty for interpreting literature itself. With his scholarly competence and nice satire Mr. Potter has effectively shown up the difference between the work of literature and the useful but more menial services of its professional acolytes.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES

TROY

By Edwin Muir

I'VE often wandered in the fields of Troy
 Beneath the walls, seen Paris as a boy
 Before youth made him vicious. Hector's smile
 And untried lion-look can still beguile
 My heart of peace. That was before the fall,
 When high still stood Troy's many-tunnelled wall.
 Now I am shackled to a Grecian dolt,
 Pragmatic, race-proud as a pampered colt.
 All here is strange to me, the country kings,
 This cold aspiring race, the mountain rings
 On every side. They are like toppling snow-wreaths
 Heaped on Troy's hearth. Yet still an ember breathes
 Below to breed its crop of yearly ills,
 The flowering trees on the unreal hills.
 These bring Troy back. And when along the stone
 The lizard flickers, thirty years I'm thrown
 At odds, and stand again where once I stood
 And watch Troy's towers burn like a winter wood.
 For then into their country all in flame,
 From their uncounted caves the lizards came
 And looked and melted in a glaze of fire,
 While all the wall rustled and sang with ire
 As heat ate all. I saw calamity
 In action there, and it will always be
 Before me in the lizard on the stone.

But in my heart a deeper spite has grown,
 This, that they would not arm us, and preferred
 Troy's ruin lest a slave should snatch a sword
 And fight even at their side. Yet in that fall
 They lost no more than we who lost our all.
 Troy was our breath, our soul and all our wit,
 Who did not own it but were owned by it.
 We must have fought for Troy. We were its hands,
 And not like them mere houses, flocks and lands.
 We were the Trojans; they at best could swell
 A pompous or a bloody spectacle.
 And so we watched with dogs outside the ring
 Heroes fall cheap as flesh, king slaughtering king
 Like fatted cattle. Yet they did not guess
 How our thoughts wantoned with their wantonness.

They were too high for that; they guessed too late,
 When full had grown our knowledge and our hate.
 And then they thought, with arms as strong as theirs,
 We too might make a din with swords and spears,
 And while they feared the Greeks they feared us most,
 And ancient Troy was lost and we were lost.

Now an old man—why should that one regret,
 When all else has grown tranquil, shake me yet?
 Of all my life I know one thing, I know,
 Before I was a slave, long, long ago,
 I lost a sword in a forgotten fight,
 And ever since my arm has been too light
 For this dense world, and shall grow lighter still.
 Yet past that rage shines Troy's untroubled hill,
 And many a tumbled wall and vanished tree
 Remains, as if in spite, a happy memory.

AN EPILOGUE

(FOR W. H. AUDEN)

By Louis MacNeice

NOW the winter nights begin
 Lonely comfort walls me in;
 So before the memory slip
 I review our Iceland trip.

Not for me romantic nor
 Idyll on a mythic shore
 But a fancy turn, you know,
 Sandwiched in a graver show.

Down in Europe Seville fell,
 Nations germinating hell;
 The Olympic games were run—
 Spots upon the Aryan sun.

And the don in me set forth
 How the landscape of the north
 Had educed the saga style
 Plodding forward mile by mile.

And the don in you replied
That the North begins inside,
Our ascetic guts require
Breathers from the latin fire.

So although no ghost was scotched
We were happy while we watched
Ravens from their walls of shale
Cruise around the rotting whale,

Watched the sulphur basons boil,
Loops of steam uncoil and coil,
While the valley fades away
To a sketch of Judgment Day.

So we rode and joked and smoked
With no miracles evoked,
With no levitations won
In the thin unreal sun;

In that island never found
Visions blossom from the ground,
No conversions like St. Paul,
No great happenings at all.

Holidays should be like this,
Free from over-emphasis,
Time for soul to stretch and spit
Before the world comes back on it,

Before the chimneys row on row
Sneer in smoke "We told you so"
And the fog-bound sirens call
Ruin to the long sea-wall.

Rows of books around me stand,
Fence me round on either hand;
Through that forest of dead woods
I would hunt the living birds—

Great black birds that fly alone
Slowly through a land of stone.
And the gulls who weave a free
Quilt of rhythm on the sea.

Here in Hampstead I sit late
Nights which no one shares and wait
For the 'phone to ring or for
Unknown angels at the door;

Better were the northern skies
Than this desert in disguise—
Rugs and cushions and the long
Mirror which repeats the song.

For the litany of doubt
From these walls comes breathing out
Till the room becomes a pit
Humming with the fear of it—

With the fear of loneliness
And uncommunicableness;
All the wires are cut, my friends
Live beyond the severed ends.

So I write these lines for you
Who have felt the death-wish too,
But your lust for life prevails—
Drinking coffee, telling tales.

Our prerogatives as men
Will be cancelled who knows when;
Still I drink your health before
The gun-butt raps upon the door.

VISION

By Martin Cooper

CLEAR as the polar night,
Ringed with a wheel of fire,
Scorching the famished sight,
 Icicle to desire,
Angel or silken bird,
Feathered with burning snow,
Sang, while the willows heard
And the blue stars dimmed their glow.

Sang how the water's glass
 Founts molten through the sluice
 And the gelded planets pass
 To keep their zodiac truce.
 How the pickled dead lie deep
 On the flowery ocean floor,
 Fairer than churchyards keep
 Or mortal mothers bore. . . .

Fading the linen wing
 And the high harmonic voice,
 Left but a cloudy thing,
 The vision's own device.
 The trees all dark—above,
 A phosphorescent heart,
 Wheeled with the ring of love,
 Pierced with a golden dart,
 Hangs: and the linden air,
 Thawed of that icy fire,
 Brushes like maidenhair
 The branded stigmata.

LATIN ELEGIACS

“Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?”

Rendered by HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

TE non aestivo possim conferre diei,
 Pulchrrior es tantus nec tibi fervor inest.
 Concutiunt venti lepidissima germina veris,
 Aestatem spatio di brevior locant.
 Interdum caeli calide nimis ardet ocellus
 Saepius ex auro discolor aere micat.
 Est ubi quod pulchrum est pulchro sibi deficit omne
 Seu fors seu rerum deminuere vices.
 At tua non variata aestas aeterna virebit
 Et quae tu debes omnia pulchra luet.
 Numquam mors te errare suis jactabit in umbris
 Carmine in Aeterno non potes ipsa mori.
 Dum possint spirare homines oculisque videre
 Haec vivent et in his vivida semper eris.

—SHAKESPEARE (Sonnet 18).

BERNARD SHAW TO JOHN FARLEIGH

LETTERS CONCERNING THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE "BLACK GIRL"

Notes by John Farleigh

OF THE ATTITUDE

The attitude of a figure must be so conducted in all its parts that the intention of the mind may be seen in every member.

HOW TO REPRESENT A MAN IN A RAGE

His hair must stand on end, his eyebrows drawn down, and gathered close together, the sides of his mouth bent into an arch, the neck swelled, and full of wrinkles on the side that reclines over his enemy.

Extracts from "A Treatise on Painting" by Leonardo da Vinci

I HAVE been asked so often: "How did you get the job, and did you know Bernard Shaw?" that I have decided to put on record the details of my part in the book. I have done so not only to satisfy the curious. More important is the fact which emerges in the course of this article, that, without Bernard Shaw's active co-operation, the illustrations would not have been what they are. A reading of Leonardo's note-books will show how closely his point of view compares with Shaw's when it is a matter of making a drawing for a particular purpose, and that surely is the main function of an illustration. It is not for me to record the preliminary discussions that must have gone on before I came into the job. My first intimation of any kind was the following letter:—

8th May, 1932

DEAR SIR,

As I am old and out of date I have not the privilege of knowing you or your work. But Mr. William Maxwell of Clark's of Edinburgh tells me that you can design, draw, and engrave pictures as parts of a printed book, which, you will understand, is something more than making a picture and sticking it into a book as an "illustration." The idea is that you and I and Max-

* See *The Adventures of the Black Girl in her Search for God*. Illustrated by John Farleigh. Constable. 1932.

well should co-operate in turning out a good-looking little volume consisting of the story contained in the enclosed proof sheets (please hold them as very private and confidential) and, say, a dozen pictures.

Are you sufficiently young and unknown to read the story and make one trial drawing for me for five guineas? That is, if the job interests you.

faithfully

G. BERNARD SHAW

Suggested Subjects

(1) The black Diana (*not* a Hottentot) going for Jehovah (as in Raphael's Ezekiel picture) with her knobkerry.

(2) The same going for the god in Blake's Job.

(3) The same accosting Koheleth, a very beautiful juvenile Plato.

(4) The lion—"maneless" like Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square. There used to be a delightful one named Dick in the Zoo who would let you handle him as in the story.

(5) St. Peter carrying a full-sized Gothic cathedral on his shoulders, with the black girl rushing to help him (rather like Blake's little boy rushing after a butterfly).

(6) Sundry faces from the Caravan of the Curious, like the Vanity Fair jury in the Pilgrim's Progress—if you have a weakness for the ugly-grotesque.

(7) The black girl and Christ at the well: proffering the cup. Christ poor and humble, but unaffected and kindly.

(8) Christ posing on the cross for sixpence an hour with the image maker (say yourself) at work, and Mahomet, very handsome, looking on.

(9) The black girl and Mahomet scrutinizing a miniature Venus of Milo (no bigger than a big hour-glass).

(10) Voltaire (after Houdon) digging, with the girl looking at him over the garden gate.

(11) The Irishman's dash for liberty: V. and the girl pursuing.

(12) Family piece. The girl with all her children at home, with the Irishman digging, visible through the open door.

Apart from the natural excitement of receiving such a letter the directions were enough to stimulate any illustrator. I started off making drawings with a feeling that it was now or never, and in the course of time was told by Mr. Shaw that he liked my specimens and that I was to do the book. It is not necessary to record my satisfaction. Soon after, I had my first meeting with Shaw, lunched with him, and discussed the general make-up of the book. We both had ideas as to how it should be done, and in the end Shaw handed

me the various specimen pages and said: "Look here, do it yourself." I urged a slim volume without headlines, the same type that I had used in my specimen illustration, and was all for keeping the bulk down.

I went away and asked the printer at once for galley proofs and specimen title-page, and in due course was told by Shaw that I was to engrave my own title-page. I then sent off a very rough sketch showing the idea of the Black Girl wandering amongst numbers of gods of various kinds and including a totem of Shaw I had seen when I had lunch with him. This drawing was returned and on the back was the following note:—



The Black Girl, for the title page,
by Bernard Shaw

15/6/32

This is all right as a design. But the girl looks a bit wooden and tubby. I enclose a classical design which goes to the other extreme. Try striking an average.

Excuse my draughtsmanship.

I send the totem—a better one than the mask at Whitehall Court—by this post.

G. B. S.

??? You might bung in the lion looking over her hip.

With this was included a drawing, the first of a good many that Mr. Shaw did during the whole job. They are remarkable in that they always contained his point. He apologized often for his drawing, though I was sure he enjoyed it immensely. Later he painted them in colour and they became so interesting that I told him I thought his drawing was getting so good that he would not need me to illustrate the book. This provoked the joking remark that it was his ambition at one time to be Michelangelo, not Shakespeare.

Meanwhile I had prepared the cover design. In every case I sent drawings to Shaw before engraving so that any alterations could be made easily. For the cover design there were two. One was an all-over pattern and the other a portrait of the Black Girl



First Drawing for the Soldier,
by John Farleigh

on the front and a design of leaves on the back. I suggested that the portrait was the best cover, and the following letter came from Shaw:

6th July, 1932

DEAR MR. FARLEIGH,

Yes: the portrait cover of course. What about the other for endpapers?

Just consider whether she is not—for so critical a god-seeker—a little too brutish. It is a quality that justifies itself completely on the purely artistic side; and I hesitate to suggest anything in the nature of a literary and intellectual irrelevance; but still, recollecting that Michelangelo placed himself at the

head of all the artists by making all his subjects geniuses, I am not sure that the slightest gathering up of the corners of her mouth and squaring of the outside ridges of her brows would really damage her. I am a critic myself, and have that outside lift of my brows emphasized by what are almost secondary moustaches; and without them I should look as brainless as the Sistine Madonna. I enclose a couple of picture postcards to show what I mean.

As to headlines have it your own way; only do nothing for the sake of consistency alone: consistency is the enemy of enterprise just as symmetry is the enemy of art. I should have a different rule for every page if it were worth bothering to that extent.

It will be seen by this letter how the endpapers came into being, and that I had again urged that headlines should be dropped. The following letter shows a slight misunderstanding over the cover design. I imagine that I had not made it clear to Mr. Shaw that I wanted to put my design on the cover and add a cellophane wrapper, so he was probably thinking of a dust wrapper as well as a cover design. Some other drawings were sent and passed, but in this letter comes the first request for another illustration in addition to those suggested in the original list of twelve.

13th July, 1932

DEAR MR. FARLEIGH,

Don't bother about me: it is your job; and being an artist myself in my own line, I know better than to find a good man and then interfere with him. The only thing I can suggest is that the label on the cover need not be foursquare if it would please

your fancy to scroll it. I've stuck a bit of paper on to show what I mean. But I am not clear as to whether this admirable design (I did not spot the lovely black girl in it at first) is now to be an endpaper with the big face as the picture cover. Do not forget that there will presumably be a jacket with a striking design. If so, I am for black and white, and not for red and yellow. What about the big face for it?

I rather hanker after a picture of the Roman soldier on guard beside the cross before the arrival of the black girl. Instead of I.N.R.I., S.P.Q.R. And a bucketful of nails, scourges, thorn crowns, etc. The soldier, very imperial and imposing, might have his foot on a torn-up scroll with the inscription still legible on the four pieces, Judge not that ye be not judged. It would serve him right if a knobkerry, grasped in a black hand, appeared over his unconscious head like the sword of Damocles.

However, I repeat, let yourself rip, and do not let me hamper or distract you.

G. B. S.

This letter shows that Shaw had no desire to interfere with me. It was I who insisted that he should criticize the drawings very carefully. I was anxious to convey his meaning to his complete satisfaction.

The drawing of the new illustration of the Roman soldier produced the following letter accompanied by two drawings:—

18th July, 1932

DEAR JOHN FARLEIGH,

This chap is wrong: he is standing at ease and looking quite reassuring and goodnatured, which destroys all the symbolism. Besides, artistically he's secondhand: the Italian Renaissance pictures have that very soldier all over them.

My fellow should be rigid, straight, inhuman, threatening, ruthless, with a horrible sort of clean beauty and athletic training to emphasize his mechanical cruelty. You must straighten up his knees and square his shoulders and give him Egyptian breadth of chest and slimness of flank.

My own drawings, which I offer rather as a warning than an example, suggest the pretentious futility of Cheltenham, not the pride of Rome.

ever

G. B. S.

I don't dislike your soldier, all the same. He composes nicely; but he seems to see the joke.



"The Bobadil," by
Bernard Shaw



"The Tin Wellington,"
by Bernard Shaw

It is interesting at this stage to refer to Leonardo's directions to see how closely two artists can come to the same point from different directions—one as a painter and the other as a writer and producer of plays.

The finished drawing of the cover design was then sent with the new drawing of the soldier. Then Shaw replied with a drawing for the back of the cover and these comments:—

22nd July, 1932

DEAR JOHN FARLEIGH

As to the beanstalk I could only express the *subject* by a blatant comic cut;* but as to the treatment it struck me that a repeated design like a miniature wall paper, consisting of strips of beanstalk with lots of foliage and repetitions of a tiny professor clinging on between a pretty lizard-like crocodile and a dainty thread of a striking snake might appeal to you as a pretty pattern suggested (to me) by the repetitions of the black girl in the endpaper, which are very decorative.

The single beanstalk on an otherwise blank page looks a trifle bare and empty after the rich black front cover, and somehow the page does not make quite the right frame for it, though the leaves flow and hang very nicely.

The Calvary soldier is now perfect. Many thanks.

The back cover was redesigned and sent off and a card followed from Malvern.

With Bernard Shaw's compliments.

Just catching the post. Will write when you send the next batch.

The tree endpaper is perfect.

10/8/32

G. B. S.

During the next few weeks a large batch of drawings were sent off and were returned with more drawings from Shaw and the following:



Final wood engraving of the
Soldier, by John Farleigh

* See opposite page.

25th August, 1932

DEAR JOHN FARLEIGH

Many apologies for my delay. I have been cobbling up my play, and could not get my mind on to the drawings in a properly leisurely way.

The lion and the Job are perfect. The other three need slight modifications. Ecclesiastes looks dead, like a figure in a frieze, because he is not looking at the girl. He also looks flat, like a profile cut in cardboard. All you have to do is to turn his head away from the spectator and towards the girl and all this will come right.

In the picture of the cathedrals you have produced an effect like Hogarth's *Marvels of Perspective* by not leaving a clear space between the girl's right hand and the tiny church in the distance. The result is that the girl seems to be carrying the church. Just shift the church up so that both it and the man's leg are clear of the girl's hand and arm and all will be well. You see, you cannot get aerial perspective in black and white, and are therefore dependent on scale and complete detachment.

Most important is the Christ.* You have curiously reversed the relation between him and the girl. In the story he presents the cup to her; and he would obviously—since it is both a funny conjuring trick and an act of kindness—smile as he did it. But in the picture it is the girl who is the humorous conjuror with the kindly smile, and he who is accepting the cup; so you must contrive to turn the situation inside out.

* See plate facing p. 473.



The smiling Christ is a great chance for you. Most artists are so utterly floored by the problem of what Christ's face ought to express that they just make it express nothing at all and cover up the failure with a sort of abstract holiness that makes him acutely dislikeable. The first painter who is sensible and human enough to paint a Suffer Little Children with Christ smiling at a child standing on his knee will completely snuff out Holman Hunt's *Light of the World*. If you can paint in oils, here is your chance.

If you are not satisfied with the cover, try the effect of making the breasts a little more virginal as they are so prettily in the subject pictures. That is all I can suggest.

As to the book, clearly it should have the title *JOB* on it.

I shall be here for at least another fortnight

ever

G. BERNARD SHAW

It is perhaps useful to note here that every point that Shaw made was vitally important, and I had to admit that the drawings must be altered. But in case it should seem that Shaw did nothing but criticize, I must add that, on the contrary, throughout the job he did nothing but encourage me and praise what I had done as well as give in to a good many preferences of my own. In the next batch of drawings I sent a revised drawing of the first specimen I had sent him which happened to be the artist modelling Christ. Shaw had said he was quite satisfied with this one, but I was certain I could improve it and so made another drawing. The drawing he sent of the labourer in flight was the first to be done in colour.* It left me with the problem of how to show a red beard in black and white.

29th August, 1932

DEAR JOHN FARLEIGH,

You will see by the enclosed masterpiece what is wrong with the drawing of the flight of the laborer. My face is like the photographs they stick on to a readymade body to amuse bank holiday trippers. Also it is drawn from one of the old photographs taken on ordinary plates without a color filter, which represented me as a dark man instead of a very blond blond. The expression has not a trace of frantic terror, and the hat is an absurdity. The man is a very sophisticated metropolitan critic, and not a raw youthful laborer. Compare your own splendid portrait, full of dramatic energy and purpose, in the modeller's picture. However, you will see it all in my version; for though I am an execrable draughtsman I am a skilled and observant stage

* See plate facing p. 473.

manager, always on the look-out for the right expression and movement. Keep me young, callow, fair, and scared out of my wits. Any photograph of a hurdle race will supply a study: I think he must have one leg over the gate: nothing else will give the necessary impression of headlong flight.

In the modelling picture, which is a triumphant improvement, keep Mahomet as handsome as you can: he was a princely genius. He is all right in the picture which shows him as discussing the Venus with the black girl. By the way he abhorred images, and took the second commandment *au pied de la lettre*.

In the garden gate picture, if Voltaire had a small implement—a trowel or snipper or something—in his left hand, slightly raised, it would give him a perfect air of being taken by surprise in the act of gardening by the black girl's call. As it is, he looks as if they were old friends and had been talking there for years. Stage management again!

In the caravan picture the expression of the girl is lovely; and the Vanity Fair jurymen are all that could be desired; but the man with the moustache is very like some public man—I can't remember whom—but we may chance his taking proceedings.

I shall consider the wording of the colophon, and its form. I am inclined to describe the story as *invented* by me. Why shouldn't the pictures be drawn and cut in boxwood by you?

ever

G. B. S.

The next letter referred to the revised drawing of Christ at the well.

8th September, 1932

DEAR JOHN FARLEIGH,

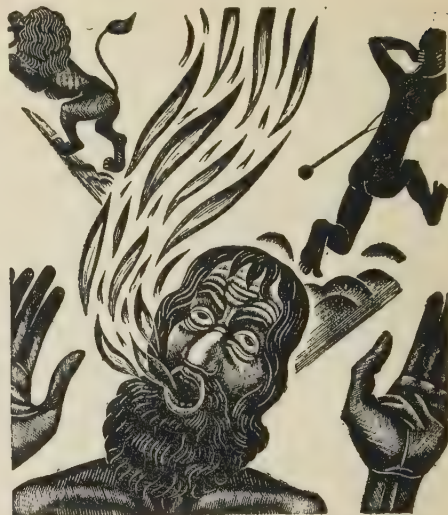
The enclosed, just cut out of *Punch*, seems to give the correct position for a hurdle jumper's hind leg.

The well of Samaria makes a very nice picture; but somehow it does not tell the story; and I think that the sacred trinity of Holbein, Altdorfer, and Hogarth demands that the story should be told by the gesture. It still looks as if the cup were provided for public use (somebody having stolen the chain) and that the conjurer were taking it at the suggestion of the black girl, who is saying "After you, please."

The remedy is, I think, to lift the arm from the elbow or stretch it out from the shoulder, and have the girl taking it with her right hand. This can be done without spoiling the composition. There is more life in the straight arm; but there may not be room for it. The proffering hand should be still proffering, though she has lifted the cup an inch or two off it.



First drawing for Micah, by John Farleigh



Final wood engraving for Micah, by John Farleigh

By the way, since you draw cathedrals so featly, why not let yourself go on a regular holy grail of a cup? Pity there is no use for a German fifteenth-century ciborium.

That is all I can suggest.

faithfully

G. BERNARD SHAW

and the final drawing evoked the remark "This has done the trick."

The drawing of Micah roaring was returned with the following remarks on the back and a drawing in colour which I feel is perhaps the best of all the drawings Shaw did.

This is too comic. The preface explains.

The prophet seems to be swallowing a colossal banana because the girl has not her fingers in her ears, and might be running to post a letter. One must always connect the figures by some gesture that knits the parts of the picture into a story.

The lion is too obscene for so sublime a moment. He should not be *degraded* from the King Dick picture.

30/10/32

G. B. S.

I made two new drawings, one based on Shaw's design and one which was my own conception altered in certain details, the flame referred to as a banana and the lion. I still regret the loss of the original lion. I pointed out that I preferred my own conception of Micah, and Shaw replied:—



MICAH

Drawing for "The Black Girl" by BERNARD SHAW

I also have a weakness for this Micah. But if you study his wrinkles and nostrils you will see that they indicate a strong biting action. If you can get the uplift into his eyes and mouth, the substitution of the flames for the banana will make another man of him.

ever

G. B. S.

By this time I have been asked to make an extra illustration of Pavlov and Shaw sent a drawing of his own on which I based the final illustration. The following letter refers to my drawing, which I had sent with a remark that I did not want to put the bird in.

31st Oct., 1932

I think the carrion bird was a mistake of mine. It destroys the sense of space in the sky instead of suggesting it.

In my sketch, which was too sketchy to be clear, the professor had his hands folded on his left knee and his right knee swinging *over* them. This would pull the arms straight and take away from the stockiness of the figure; but it would give an unaccountable silliness to him which might be worth it. Just draw two or three lines and see whether it would be any use.

Otherwise, O.K.

G. B. S.

The illustrations were finished by now, but Shaw had decided to write a preface, and he had sent along two sketches as suggestions for further illustrations. The card dated October 30th gives a few extra details that were asked for.

30th Oct., 1932

It is Sunday; and the letter containing the Micah design will not fit into the receptacle of the closed post office.

In the cross headings for the preface, if you like still life you can put in anything of a literary nature except an inkstand and pen, which wont go with a typewriter. Extra books can be *Writing Made Easy*, *How to Spell*, and/or *Inge's Outspoken Essays*. If you prefer animals you can fill the grass round the B.G. with them.

G. B. S.

The book was now pasted up complete. As new illustrations were added I had to repaste the whole book so that my original arrangements were often impossible. At the end I found I could not manage to get the last illustration to fit into place, so I explained the difficulty to Shaw and asked if he could possibly write a few more lines to shift the illustration on to the next page where I wanted it. Shaw replied:—

9th Nov., 1932

Page 58 is horrid. I shall write in 20 lines to bring the letterpress over from p. 57 and shift the picture down to the base line.

The harp must come on p. 75 as a tailpiece.

Then I think the thing will be as good as we can get it.

G. B. S.

This was the culminating point of Shaw's amazing co-operation in the illustration of his book. I was working under ideal conditions that seldom occur twice in a lifetime. A few days later when all had been finished, Shaw wrote:—

13th Nov., 1932

DEAR JOHN FARLEIGH,

At last the book has gone to press. It isn't half a bad job, is it? The girl makes a charming Leitmotif running through all the pictures. Anyhow, it's been a bit of fun.

Is the enclosed all right for the extra illustrations?

faithfully

G. BERNARD SHAW

It certainly had been fun. I still find it difficult to understand how Shaw found time to put so much of himself into helping me when he was busy writing and producing during the whole of the summer. It is my admiration for his part that has made me write this article. If there is unity in the book in its final shape it is due to his sympathetic collaboration. Of the printer another article might be written. Mr. Maxwell, of R. and R. Clark, did everything to help me and overcame difficulties with excellent humour. Without him the book as it now stands could not have been printed.

SPANISH PROFILE

By George Steer

AROUND the city lies the plain, its axis the river and the road. Castilian plain, high above the world, strawgold with corn in summer light, washed brown in winter. Its colours are direct, the tired terrestrial residue as it were of a sun, sometimes hot and always clear: there are no tones between the straight brown of earth and the straight grey of the cold heaven. Distance modifies nothing, romanticizes nothing. The country seems to be completely empty. Only there are occasional villages on the road, with the inevitable castle-church, the inevitable Telefonos, the inevitable nitrate advertisement: and all that moves in the earth-coloured villages are the grubby children fooling in the mud gutter, and the red and yellow flags, playing more solemnly, of old Spain. All that is new is the name of the street—"Calvo Sotelo."

Acacias shake lightly over the straight road. To right and left low tablelands relieve the plains' monotony to suggest by constant repetition a horizontal monotony of their own. Long, low, mathematically flat: their surfaces scaled away a leprous white by erosion, cracked by the painful lesion of little water in a land without trees. Nothing grows on their top or sides, but around their feet the corn ripens to a swift maturity, like water lathering softly and suddenly the feet of a skinny old man. On the road pass a pair of the Guardia Civil, big men in grey-green with rifles and lacquered tricorne hats: three carts copiously tented, driven by men half asleep on wheels six feet across, drawn by two mules and a donkey. Far to the left only are there trees, hungrily massed along the invisible river.

Cars flash by, fluttering the red and yellow colours. A scarlet beret appears over the paper label "Commandancia" in the back window: the officer is sitting back talking. We are entering Salamanca, the governing city of the illimitable plain.

Falangists march up the street, the ochre-pink street. Every house is ochre-pink and carved to a pattern which cannot be changed. For Salamanca is an old city, built in the days when the Catholic kings made everything of solid stone: and ochre-pink freshened the heart of the Castilian plain, was the only colour that blended with its direct and unenlivened brown. Salamanca has grown little since the great Catholic kings died, and the Indian wealth which they poured upon her Cathedral and University has shrunk to a narrow, shallow Castilian stream, dry most of the year.

But the Castilian is a dogged creature. He wears a shabby old dress with dignity. The great ironcraftsman can no longer hammer superb new balconies for Salamanca, nor the masons construct out of the ochre-pink stone the perfect planes and surfaces of the past. But the new houses are made of the same stone, balconied by imitative iron. Salamanca is one colour still, ribboned along the storeys by cheaper traceries of the same curved black. As the new houses press upon the Cathedral, the University, the Plaza Mayor, the House of the Seashells, the Irish College, it is like poor relations gathered round to mourn at the splendid monument of the rich patron who founded the family.

Falangists march in dark-blue shirts and black velvet corduroy trousers to the Plaza Mayor: they march badly, carry their arms badly, into the Plaza Mayor, Spain's loveliest square. Ninety arcades of solid Spanish baroque in the pink stone enclose them. Under the arches on the heavy paving shuffle hundreds of soldiers, doing the *paseo* against a cheap background of cafés. Uniforms of all colours, like a Shakespearean History, move before glass starred with paper against air-raids. Broad young Germans, in boots and long greatcoats of a greenish khaki, wearing no insignia, walk slowly round: they are anonymous, they are a little bored, they are twenty years old, they have nothing to do. Five hundred of them stand guard in Salamanca. A gayer lot, the Requetes, with their scarlet berets and lithier step, thick khaki socks pulled over the top of their hammering winter boots, their sidearms flattering their thighs: they whistle a marching song like a jig, yellow tassels in their berets mean troops and purple *padrés*. In green berets and luxurious blanket cloaks, fur-collared to the ears and raven hair, go the Monarchists. The Tercio in khaki, shirts open at the neck: young men now, for the elders are dead. And slowest of all the Moors, in clean white turbans and gym shoes and Arab cloaks of a soft apple-green, saunter along in dignity, considering this city with narrow eyes half-closed and sharp features immobile.

From the east and the south tympana, with the morning sun, look down the medallion faces in ochre stone of the great Spanish kings who expelled them. From all the lovely windows of the square, and from the façade of Churriguera, master of Spanish baroque, Castilians once looked down on its centre: for then it was a bull-ring. Where blood stained the pale brown earth, great blue lights now stand to cast on the square at night a ghostly illumination that no air-raider is supposed to see. Then the colours fade from the soldiers on their *paseo*, and they are shadows with the Catholic kings.

General Franco lives in the Bishop's Palace, behind glass doors and the Guardia Civil, up a marble staircase. He is faced by the massive stone platform of Salamanca Cathedral, whose outer surfaces are a supreme example of Spanish architecture, of the art of superimposing planes whose edges are neatly cut into the base wall, and whose stature soars to heaven. No fake façades, no ornamental pillars: only the massive, towering wall relieved by planes carved with the straightness and clarity with which the Castilian of the sixteenth century went out to hew the world to the geometry of conquest. The great doors of thick, studded oak, architectonic also, burst from their arches into statuary, as hard trees bear precious fruit in season. Over the tall nave and the ochre-pink scrolls above the porches rises Churriguera's cupola, the last great work of Salamanca's golden age. A Spanish military band, small men in buttoned gaiters, play morning music, a Spanish dance, outside the headquarters of the rebel Generalissimo. How enormous the Cathedral seems above them and the gaping crowd! It has a big crypt, too, for air-raid warnings.

General Franco, a small, brisk man and a good professional soldier, whose stoutness and beginning droopiness of face lend themselves only to rare movements of melancholy, sits in the Bishop's Palace telephoning the field. He is flanked by the University of Salamanca, in the fourteenth century second only to Paris among the universities of Europe, greater than Oxford and Bologna. Once it had six thousand students: now it has four hundred. Falangist posters hang outside its ochre patio, claiming these few for the ranks of their students' Fascist syndicate.

A mosaic ceiling, emerald black and ivory-white, covers the wide porch which opens generously to this sixteenth-century world. Its pink shell is perfect, like the pink shells of dead creatures that one picks up on the seashore. Its arcading is clear as their narrow designs. Here Fray Luis taught theology, Columbus consulted the professors of astronomy on his plans to reach Western India: the system of Copernicus, elsewhere heretical, found a safe fortress here. And last, Unamuno sharpened paradox and sought like some late Julian for the spirit of his Castilian fathers.

A mascot lamb runs down Franco's stairs with an officer of the Legion; the German Ambassador's car lies without, and so does Colonel Yague's glittering limousine, a flutter of yellow and red streamers. Twenty cars lie without. Retired diplomats of the Monarchy pass in and out: below stairs there is much talk and intrigue. The Press officer is being rude to all the foreign journalists. There are many figures in magnificent cloaks. The little General is

alone, telephoning. They say he covers every detail. . . . He telephones the landing-grounds of the German bombers and the Italian fighters. . . .

Campamento village, facing Madrid, has been looted clean. The poor houses and the better workers' flats are empty, broken through doors and windows. The proletariat have retreated on Madrid, their proletarian base. What they have left, the Moors have taken. Sharp-faced yellow men are prodding about the garbage heaps with sticks. Blood marks the streets. The Moors' cloaks are bulging with loot, their staccato voices rattle like reeds in the silences between gunfire. Everything is broken: the doors, the windows, the cups, the wine bottles, the mousetraps, the boxes of preventatives, the chamber-pots. Blood on the stairs, and the great barrels in the shattered wineshops stink with stale sediment. Everything but the dung of the vanquished and the victors has been stripped from this empty village which smells.

Upon the east skyline lies, many-faceted, the silent city of Madrid. A great city, over a million souls, unlike other capital cities, seizable from end to end with one look of the eye, on a little ridge behind the dry gully of the Manzanares. It is terrible to watch the suffering of a great city from afar. All the near houses along the river are gently smoking and the afternoon light shows through their windows into the emptiness beyond.

There is a throbbing in the air behind us.

J52, the heavy type of Junkers bomber which the German Government has sent to aid the Spanish Army, moves slowly under a wide wingspread of solemn November grey, and makes a noise prophetic of the power it brings to battle. There is something irresistible in the regular progress in close arrow-form of the four which drum over us. Fifteen chaser biplanes circle in flights of three above and behind them, their wings glittering in double deceptive silver as they play in and out of the clouds ten thousand feet up. The clouds are heavy as the Junkers.

These move steadily on to the skyline city. Each carries four bombs weighing altogether over one ton. They drop them above the ruined Montaña Barracks, and over the smoking Paseo de Rosales, and over the tangled rails of the Estacion del Norte and in the dead split trees which once adorned and named the Parque del Oeste. They drop them where they have dropped them before, along the whole north-western flank of Madrid beyond the Manzanares.

There is something systematic and gigantic in their destruction that Spanish means cannot provide.

The bombs are released . . . drop, sluggishly it seems, through the air. A touch of red light like a benediction on the trees or a building. A spurt of brown upwards, followed by other spurts fan-wise. The brown fan fattens into a great bush of smoke, other of these monstrous bushes sprout in strange silence along the Manzanares, blacking out all northern Madrid. The earth trembles, and as an hollow echo comes the rumble of the landslide and the tottered masonry, and of the hole blasted into earth and man.

Three more bombers drum through to plant another noxious forest to the north. Pivoting heavily and clumsily in their celestial armour over the Casa de Campo, over the sad ever-green ilexes and the yellow winter grass, they turn to bomb again.

The brown bushes fog away into air, disclosing new jagged spaces in the Montaña, more verdure lost from the charming Parque. A roar overhead in the clouds show that the red fighters are out.

Across the patches one can see them dive. Behind the clouds one can hear the thunder of power. They circle in vertical whirligig, detached from us in a dizzy remoteness. It is not like watching men fight on the ground: it is a battle in another world, more awful than that of earth, but less compulsive of our sympathy.

Their machine-guns make the liquid noise of ducks' beaks in water. Then they hide in the clouds, in Olympian ambush.

For half an hour. Out of the grey wool padding of the sky glides a German chaser, intact. But it cannot fly. In wide and ceremonious circles it settles to the ground and strikes the road near the Puente de Segovia. Brown jerks of smoke, then an immense haemorrhage of crimson flame.

A red fighter to the right tumbles sheer out of heaven, spinning on its propeller, a wing rent off. A ball of black detaches itself, suddenly hangs in mid-sky as its parachute clutches effortlessly on air. It lands behind Madrid lines.

The fight is finished. Madrid smokes a little more heavily, but her artillery sparkles forth again. More trees are blasted, more houses ruined, more good men gone. In the ochre-pink city of Salamanca there is an air warning. Lights flicker out, and the people crowd the crypt. Behind the shutters in the Bishop's Palace they are always telephoning, but the German Ambassador dines to candles in the Gran Hotel.

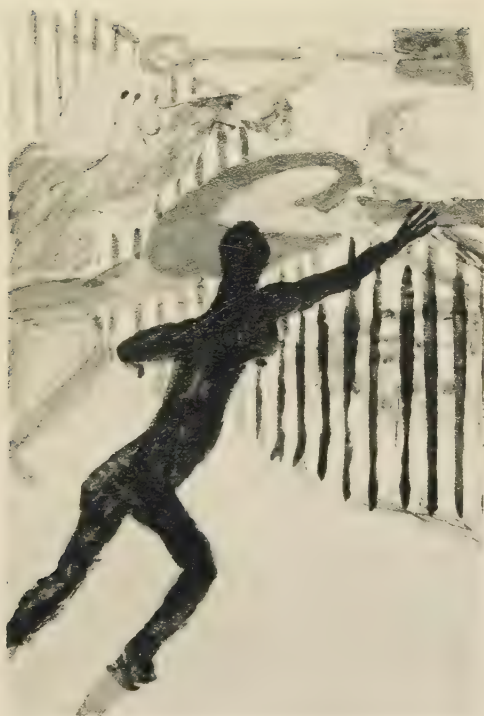
A SOUL'S DILEMMA

By Henry W. Nevinson

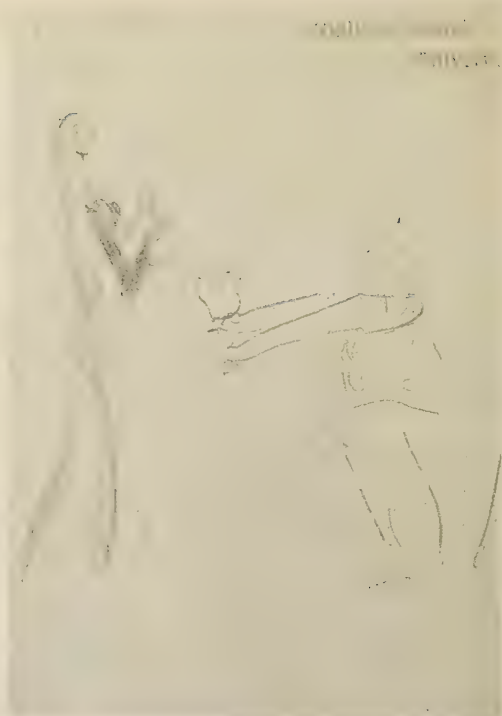
WHEN Henry Nevinson lay dying at what everyone but himself regarded as "a ripe old age," he was very reluctant to die, and much surprised that his end should have come so near. Avaricious of life, he clutched at every throb that slipped through the pulses of his heart. When the accustomed world was still so beautiful and his whole being still promised such varied energy, why should he pass into "the uncomfortable night of nothing" and be rolled up like a musty manuscript or the vanishing shades of a film that is shown only once. He was not afraid of death, but overcome with sorrow at the necessity of leaving the familiar world. However small the planet of Earth might be, it was big enough for him. Not space was wanting, but only time, and he longed to remain a swimmer on the flood of time, and to share the future wherever life's current might carry him.

As was natural for one who, like some ancient Greek, had "followed the Muses as well as war," his mind kept dwelling upon the pictures of a possible after-life described by the four great poets who had attempted to reveal it in various forms—from Homer to Virgil, and from Dante to Goethe. Their pictures differed certainly, but in the vision of a single and simple mind they were easily merged or linked together, and it was possible to pass beyond time with Ulysses and Aeneas, Dante and Faust, almost hand in hand.

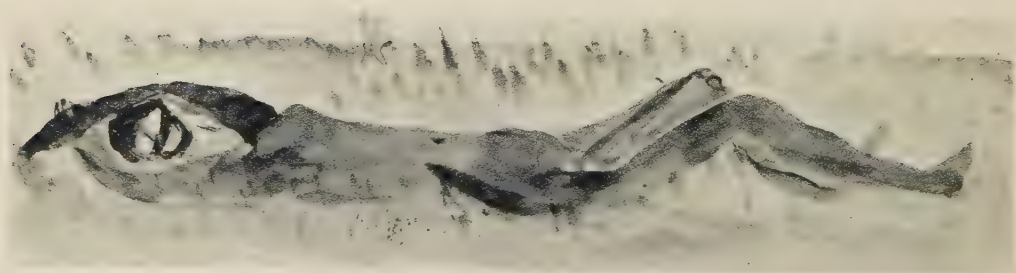
There was no need, as Homer had thought, to fill a ditch with the blood of sacrificial sheep mingled with mead and sweet wine so that the returning ghosts might lap it up and regain the power of speech. "But it must have been fine," he thought, "for Ulysses to gaze upon even the ghosts of all those splendid and beautiful women who surrendered themselves to great gods and heroes and became the mothers of gods and heroes in their turn; such as was Leda who bore those Twin stars that glow so radiantly in mid-summer skies. And there, too, came the great Achilles whom he knew—the ghost who told him it was better to live as a labouring serf than to rule as king among the dead! And there came Ajax, who passed him by in unforgiving silence; and there was Orion, driving over fields of asphodel the wild beasts he once had hunted. All such ghosts would be noble company, and as to the unhappy souls in torment, Virgil saw them too when he guided Aeneas past their everlasting confines.



THE IRISHMAN ESCAPING



CHRIST PRESENTING THE CUP TO
THE BLACK GIRL AT THE WELL



THE BLACK GIRL SLEEPING

Three drawings for "The Black Girl" by BERNARD SHAW

"What if I go, like Aeneas at the behest of the raving Sibyl, into the regions that fill mankind with terror? To me they can have no terror that is new. I shall descend, as Virgil has described, through the dark portals standing open day and night, to which the downward path is easy. I shall enter the black forests where no birds fly, just as I once entered the slimy mangrove forests of the West Coast, and looking up could only perceive the light of the sun upon the topmost branches. I shall go alone in obscurity through the empty halls of death and the realms of nothingness, as when along the watershed of the Zambesi I followed the thin track among impenetrable woods, lit by the spectral glimmering of the moon. And there I shall find, as I have so often found, vexatious Cares couched beside the path, and pallid Fever, and lonesome Age, and Fear, and implacable Hunger, and squalid Poverty, and Drudgery, and dull lethargy so near akin to Death, and the evil Lusts of the heart, and murderous War and the iron bedsteads of sleepless Remorse, and the delirium of Civil Strife, her snaky curls bound with ribbons dripping blood.

"All these I have known at their worst, so that none of them should alarm me now. And as to the dreaded rivers of Hell, I have known the Congo and the Brahmaputra and the dear old Severn in flood. Charon in his nail-sick boat I can teach how to punt and sail better than he knows. Barking Cerberus I can pat on each of his three heads, and into each mouth slip a honeyed cake mixed with soothing opium, for not even the village dogs in Thessaly would ever bite me. The howlings of infants along the passage from the gate are not new to me, nor are those pitiful creatures who shorten their lives, too short in any case, nor girls who have languished for love, and women frustrated, whose ghosts, like Dido's, may appear by glimpses and be gone, like the moon which one sees or thinks one has seen in an April sky.

"There, too, I shall meet the warriors of old time—Hector, Achilles, Xenophon, Scipio, Hannibal, and Caesar. And with them will be those under whom I myself have served—Sir George White, Roberts, and Kitchener, Haig and Foch. And there perhaps will be Moltke, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff, all in friendly converse recounting old battles of victory or defeat with equal zeal.

"The penalties for sins committed which, as Virgil says, so many hope to put off till death catches them at last, will also be nothing fresh to me. The vulture of memory has torn my soul. I have been broken on the wheel of uncertainty. I have rolled great rocks of endeavour laboriously up steep mountain-sides, only to find them always rolling back. Like other ghosts I shall suffer my special doom,

but how long it may take till fire and water cleanse the ingrained pollution and leave the spark of my spirit clear. I cannot say. Virgil puts it at a thousand years, which seems rather lengthy, though a thousand years are not a moment of eternity. He denies memory to those who return to earth, but if I return, let it be with memory of all I have known. For, without memory, what is the individual life? His doctrine of the gradual purgation of sin was adopted in her mercy by the Catholic Church, so that the prayers of loving survivors might shorten the cleansing process; but in her Purgatory the power of personal memory survived, and of that Virgil, otherwise so merciful, deprived the sinner. For myself, let only life be given, with memory and all. That is my single prayer."

While he was thus trying to anticipate his future, a kindly priest entered the room, anxious only to ease the passing of a soul, and said, "Is it a penitent I see before me?" And from the prostrate form at once the answer came, "Certainly, sir, I am a penitent, for I deeply repent of all that I have not done."

"What sins of omission, then, have you committed?" asked the priest.

"Their name is legion, for they are many," replied the dying man, "but two chiefly: once when on a chilly morning before breakfast Captain Amundsen asked me to fly with him to the North Pole, and I refused without enough reflection. And again, when, sick almost to death with Jerusalem fever in the midst of the Syrian desert, I was asked through wireless by a great editor to proceed to China, and that I also refused."

"I fear your life has been sceptical and rebellious," said the priest: "I do wish I could say to you in the words of the early Christian catacombs, *Ahi in pace, anima Christianissima*; but at least, in contrast to your life on earth, we will carve on your tombstone the comfortable words *Requiescat in Pace*."

"Thank you very much," came the almost inaudible murmur, "but I don't want to rest, and to lie in peace for ever is the last thing I desire."

Then indeed the indignant soul appeared to depart from the slowly cooling body which had carried it faithfully so long and so far, always hitherto escaping death, though narrowly; and, having left the warm and customary life, it stood regretfully among the myriad shades which had quitted the earth at the same moment. They stood ranged up before the great Judgment Seat set at the parting of the roads to Heaven and Hell; and there they waited without pressure or impatience. For space and time existed no longer for them, even in relativity.

When his turn came, the Soul found himself standing alone, exposed in naked solitude before the Judgment Seat of Eternity, as the ancients had imagined it. In accordance with primeval images, there were three judges, seated on thrones of ethereal adamant, and, by the stern solemnity of his mien, the Soul conjectured that the central judge must be Rhadamanthus. On his right sat Cretan Minos, equally stern and solemn, and on his left was Aeacus, of whom the Soul remembered little; and indeed he seemed to be there rather to secure a majority than to exercise judgment, being like a private Member of Parliament.

"What is the prisoner's record?" asked the central judge, and an angelic Usher obsequiously handed him a roll of parchment. The three judges glanced through it in turn, and then nodded to each other with the wearied indifference of officials on duty.

"Prisoner at the bar," said Rhadamanthus, "you stand convicted of many deadly offences. What have you to say for yourself why the Court should not pass sentence and judgment of Hell upon you according to Law? Speak now or for ever hold your peace."

While the judge was speaking the Soul perceived that, as in an English Court, the angelic Usher was holding in his hand three shapeless black caps, ready to set upon the judges' heads.

"May it please your Lordships," said the Soul, "I have a witness for the defence."

"Produce your witness," said the judge.

"I am my witness," said the Soul.

"Your own witness is not admissible under the Law of Eternity," replied the judge. "Have you anything to say within the limits of the Law?"

"With all respect," answered the Soul, "I wish to plead that I am not yet fit for Hell."

"Prisoner at the bar," said Rhadamanthus, "that is what every mortal pleads, but I have examined your record, and I consider you admirably suited for Hell. My learned brothers concur, and that is the judgment of the Court."

"My Lords," the Soul replied, "with all respect, I would raise an objection. I once read a minutely detailed account of Hell written by a great Christian poet who under the guidance of the poet Virgil, well known to your Lordships, was permitted to behold every circle of Hell and each chasm among the circles. From that realistic report I have concluded that, in order to deserve Hell, I should have committed at least one of the sins there enumerated. In the first circle, it is true, I can find neither sin nor punishment. Indeed there cannot be sin in consorting with the great poets and

philosophers of the ancient world. I have been doing that for the greater part of my life, and there cannot be penalty, for I should rather spend eternity with Socrates than with any other mortal that ever existed.

"In the darkness and storm of the Second Circle I have deep sympathy with the carnal and unchaste who are there blown hither and thither by opposing gales. I have much fellow-feeling for Tristan and Paris, for Cleopatra and Helen, and for those two immortal lovers who remain together in Hell for ever, not because they read the book called Galeotto, but because they ceased to read. All mankind have sympathy with them, but I could have far surpassed them in carnal sins. I could have played the Sultan whom I once saw driving to worship from the gate of his Kiosk of Stars, where lay coils of the loveliest girls and women, each awaiting his call, each presented to him as part of his tribute together with a beautiful horse. Or I could have left my chilly and toilsome country and voyaged to some far-off island in warm, unruffled seas, fringed with fruitful palms, there to dwell surrounded by lovely women with dark and lustrous skins, perfect in breasts and shapely forms, eager for all the mutual delights of passion.

"In the same manner I could have suffered the due penalties for unmitigated sins from Circle to Circle by daily drinking and gourmandizing in some Continental city or London Club; by scraping together vast heaps of questionable wealth and squandering it on hounds, racehorses, women, palaces, or titles of nobility. In the Fifth Circle, who could beat me for rage, violence, or sullenness if I had given way to such temptations. I have never yet even tried flattery, hypocrisy, or soothsaying. If I have abused my intellect, it was by neglecting its use, and I could use it much worse before deserving the Circle described as due. For heresies, my Lords, with a little practice in theology, I could have propagated a new one every week. In all these sins I could have easily shown myself far more guilty than any of the sinners who now lie whelmed in mud and pitch or rent by obscene tortures. One terror alone I have lately come to dread: I have heard that in the Seventh Circle the three great rivers of Hell are formed by the tears of human beings who suffer under evil governments, and in the present state of the world such rivers must now be appalling in their power.

"In the thick-ribbed ice of the Ninth Circle, my Lords, as well you know, the betrayers of friends and of country lie frozen for ever. There the gigantic Lucifer, upright in the freezing lake, chews for ever in one of his three mouths the head of Judas, the arch

traitor, whose limbs project from the bloodstained jaws. But, my Lords, I have never yet betrayed my friends or my country. I have never yet sought to undermine the liberties won by my people in so many centuries of bitter strife. I have not yet been a Fascist. Judge, then, my Lords, if I am as yet worthy of Hell."

The Soul bent his head in silence, and the three Judges silently fixed their eyes upon him for a while. Then Æacus turned and whispered something in the ear of Rhadamanthus. Minos also turned, and seemed to be joining in a protest. But Rhadamanthus remained unmoved till their representations were several times repeated. At last he spoke.

"Prisoner at the bar," he said, "I do not concur with my learned brothers on the Bench, but they have two voices and I only one. Furthermore, your final plea exercises some influence upon my own mind. Accordingly I am compelled to inform you, though unwillingly, that the judgment of the Court is reversed and your appeal admitted. You will be discharged and conducted by the Usher into Paradise."

Overwhelmed by the sudden change in his eternal prospects, the Soul looked down as one attempting to realize what so amazing a difference in his fate might involve. At last he threw himself at the feet of the Judges and cried in supplication:

"Let not my Lords be angry! I would most humbly plead that I am not yet fit for Heaven. There are still so many innocent and even praiseworthy projects that I should have wished to fulfil, so many conceptions calling for pursuit and contemplation. I have not yet suffered martyrdom. I have not sacrificed my life in attempting to overthrow the tyrants who grind and deaden the bodies and souls of the nations in my own little continent. I have not yet confronted the rage of their numerous hirelings. I have not secured the freedom of the few peoples I have known. What Paradise could I enjoy when the chief occupation of my neighbours lies in devising new and always more horrible means of tormenting each other with forms of anguish and early death? In assuaging the miseries of the world I have not yet played a part, and a whole terraqueous globe for endeavour lay before me when I died.

"As to myself," the Soul continued, in still deeper abasement, "it is possible that I have faculties which I might still develop. I know nothing of Chemistry or any other Natural Science; nothing of Mathematics, Optics, or Electricity. I cannot understand how the Wireless, quick as lightning, brings to my quiet room the music of Manchester and Vienna, or the voice of the President speaking in Washington. Psychology is an untravelled labyrinth to me, and

I should never have imagined a temptation to make love to my mother, or to adore my own image reflected in a looking-glass or a placid lake. I cannot understand how, in total darkness and with closed eyes, my sight is illuminated with brilliant colours; or how scenes and persons of long-ago appear before me without my will or desire; or how in perfect silence songs and symphonies can keep sounding silently in my ears; or how I can see the light of a star that is proved to have perished ages before the earth began twirling round the sun like an untamed colt tightly chained to him by invisible ropes.

"I cannot understand how a dog or a woman should become so fond of a man as to care for no one else in comparison, nor how a man can lose all reason in loving one woman when so many are lovable. I have not discovered how birds fly, or how they find their way to their old homes in north or south as surely as a seaman can. I have not yet known in their distinctive homes the Chinese or the Pigmies of dark Africa. I have not wandered along the Andes to watch the condors soaring. Even in France and Russia I am like a stranger, who is of no interest to any native there, except as a curiosity of language and behaviour. I have not yet understood how a word comes to mean something or anything, or why a succession of sounds should be either beautiful or maddening, or why some art is fine and some is hideous.

"There is a Christian hymn, my Lords, which says 'Eternity is all too short to utter all Thy praise,' and I should myself be encroaching upon eternity if I enumerated all the evidences of my ignorance that would make me utterly unfit as yet to enter the realm of perfect knowledge. But more disabling still is my present lack of spiritual wisdom. I have tried to understand philosophy and religion, but have always failed. I have pursued the philosophers from Plato onwards to the present passing century, but have found no solution to the mystery of the visible or invisible universe. I ask 'What is life?' but there comes no answer. I stand in solitude and ask 'What am I?' but there comes no answer. Amid all the solemn beauty of an ancient cathedral, or amid all the solemn simplicity of a Nonconformist chapel I see crowds of men and women kneeling in prayer, listening to noble words, singing praises to some fatherly Being whom I cannot even imagine. I sympathize, but I cannot share. As one of my predecessors in this place once cried, *Die Botschaft hör' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt der Glaube*. I hear the message plain, but no belief is mine. I worship the architecture, whether Greek or Christian. I delight in the smell of incense, and in the Catholic symbolism which can be traced

back to the inexplicable yearning of a primeval race, but that is all.

"The world is so full of marvels that I often fear I shall burst with wonder at the universe of stars, or at the almost imperceptible parasites on a fish, or at the mountains and oceans of our tiny earth. A Pope, in the Vatican, I suppose, can worship, and a Hindu fakir in his mountain cave can contemplate. But for myself who am hitherto equally incapable of worship and contemplation, what place should there be among the Cherubim and Seraphim of worship and wisdom, among those choirs of Angels, holy Anchorites, Fathers Ecstatic, and Fathers Profound, Penitents and Holy Women lost in adoration, through whom the soul of Faust was borne to the heavenly realms where transitory things are shown to have been but symbols of eternal truths; where all that on earth is insufficient and incomplete finds its perfect accomplishment; where all impenetrable mysteries are realized and fulfilled; and where the Love which, as the Italian poet sang, moves the sun and the other stars, also leads upwards the little souls of men.

"My Lords, I have done," the Soul then said. "With all respect, I plead once more that I am not yet fit for Heaven, being devoid alike of earthly knowledge and heavenly grace."

Again the three Judges sat silent for a while gazing at the Soul, who rose and stood upright before them. Then, after a brief consultation, Rhadamanthus spoke:

"The original sentence of the Court is very slightly modified," he said. "You will serve another fifty years on Earth, which in these present days is hardly to be distinguished from Hell. Brother Judges, do you concur?"

"We would suggest, my Lord," observed the other two, "that Earth in this case may be reckoned as Purgatory, the two sentences to run concurrently."

"May I further petition, with all respect, my Lords," urged the Soul, "that it may please you to extend the length of the sentence from fifty years to a full century? I fear it will take me all that time to render myself perfectly fit either for Hell or Heaven, though I would make every possible endeavour."

"You are a difficult Soul," muttered Rhadamanthus. "Lay it on high, lay it on low, there's no pleasing you, as the boatswain said to the sailor whose bare back he was flogging.

"Usher! Next case!"

SAMUEL BUTLER IN NEW ZEALAND

WITH AN EARLY NEWSPAPER ARTICLE WRITTEN
BY BUTLER

By Donald Cowie

PERHAPS it is not such a remarkable thing that among all the writings on the subject of Samuel Butler and his books there is little reference to the four-and-a-half years he spent as a young man in the Canterbury Settlement of New Zealand; for the most enthusiastic friend of "Ao-Tea-Roa" must admit that its remoteness precludes the possibility of a proper investigation into Butler's doings there by overseas critic or biographer. You may live and work in the very English city of Christchurch, Canterbury, to this day and feel that you are, if not in "Erewhon," at least in a curious backwater from the current stream: even in 1937 this little community has its own life away from the Western world. How much more so must Canterbury have been a strange outpost when young Butler arrived there in the year 1860!

The study may be worth the making, and, when it is made, will possibly provide a key to much of Butler that has hitherto repelled or puzzled his opponents and admirers. The philosopher's anti-Darwinism, the sociologist's distrust of the machine, the novelist's realistic and yet over-simplified approach to problems of human nature may be traced back at least in part to his queer residence in a country that was still the master of its creatures. Such a study was behind my mind during a stay of nearly identical years at practically Butler's age in the same locality, but when I returned to England last year I knew that I had come too soon for it to be made. That apart, the following notes, gathered during my hopeful sojourn, may serve to arouse the interest of some more stalwart investigator, and set him at a *magnum opus*.

I

The Canterbury Settlement of New Zealand began unusually for colonial enterprises of its kind. First, it was rooted in the Universities; second, it had a strong Episcopalian flavour; third, it was planned and carried out according to plan. The organizers' aim was to transplant a complete cross-section of contemporary English

life across the oceans to the new country. An earl, a bishop, clergy, schoolmasters, doctors, lawyers, printers, decent yeomen and honest labourers were carefully chosen by these founders of modern Christchurch, whose aim was laudable even if it was suggested by ordinary common or garden snobbery rather than a spirit of disinterested scientific inquiry.* When the First Four ships had arrived, and the first immigrants had found their way across the Port Hills to the broad Canterbury Plains, upon which Christchurch had been laid out in empty but expensive sections, enthusiasm tended to wane, and some of the pioneers returned home, but sufficient remained to make a new colony inevitable, and the news of this success soon travelled back to England. There it caused no little talk among the thoughtful young men at the Universities, and, opportunely, attracted the attention of Butler, then twenty-five, down from Cambridge, and having trouble with his father over holy orders. How he managed it is still something of a mystery, but he induced his parent to provide him with capital, and he arrived in Canterbury in January 1860.

It is useless to seek Butler's real motive in making this big move; like most young men, he very probably had none. There were the usual vague hopes of finding in New Zealand everything that England lacked, of making a fortune, or assisting personally in the creation of a new society where freedom was something more than the antithesis of penal servitude for life. But Butler came to Canterbury seventy-seven years ago a young man with all a young man's responsibility. He bought himself a wide-brimmed hat, riding-boots, and a horse. He mingled with the noisy gangs in the old frame hotels on the wide, dusty roads. He sat up all night with congenial companions—for there were two 'Varsity men to one decent yeoman in the Canterbury Settlement at that time, and even the yeoman had lexicons in their hip pockets—and he discussed God and man and the writings of Mr. Darwin until the few level-headed souls in the community tapped their brain-pans significantly as he and his protagonists went by. Then, like a good grandson of his Shrewsbury grandfather, Butler went into the market-place and inquired as to the exact methods adopted there to make and re-make money. The answer, he heard, was sheep, sheep taken in flocks out to the wild and inexpensive but highly nutritive back country, there fattened and encouraged to multiply, then brought to town and sold at a profit. A man with a bit of money and the guts to stand the winter would make a fortune that way, he was told; and the

* See *The Colonization of New Zealand*, by J. S. Marais. Oxford University Press. 1927.

young fellow had sufficient folly in him to take the advice at its face value.

Thus Butler made his first acquaintance with "Erewhon." The back country of Canterbury lies among a long and high mountain chain known as the Southern Alps. These mountains run down the South Island of New Zealand longitudinally like a backbone. Little was known of the country on the other side of the chain, which contained many peaks as high as those in the Swiss Alps, but solitary explorers had discovered vast tracks of good pastoral land in valleys between successive folds. Into these valleys Butler penetrated alone, or at the most with one companion, to find a tract of land to suit his sheep and his purse. As he relates in his little-known work, *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, he made some entrancing discoveries and whetted his appetite for more. For the first time he encountered the native bush: "It was very beautiful, numerous creepers and a luxuriant undergrowth among the trees, gave the forest a wholly un-European aspect." Again: "At last I have been really in the extreme back country and positively right up to a glacier. As soon as I saw the mountains, I longed to get on the other side of them." Observe the "Erewhon" note there. In this book of journeys Butler continually mentions how he is excited by the prospect of getting to the other side of an unknown saddle or pass, of discovering some new territory that might contain what could hardly be imagined. He really was a very daring and enterprising young man, many of whose discoveries in the Southern Alps were made for the first time, and are still his alone.* With one companion, it is remembered, he penetrated as far as the head of the Avoca River, a region untrodden afterwards until 1930, and his description of the scene is again significant:

We found all vegetation at an end. We were on the moraine of an old glacier and saw nothing in front of us but frightful precipices and glaciers. There was a saddle, however, not above a couple of thousand feet higher. This saddle was covered with snow, and as we had neither provisions nor blankets, we were obliged to give up going to the top of it.

In May 1860 he was in another little-known region, the head of the Hurunui River: "Dense clouds, which were coming from the nor'-west, and which just lipped over the saddle, and then ended. There are some beautiful lakes on the Hurunui, surrounded by lofty wooded mountains."

When I visited this same territory a year or two ago it was as

* See article by J. D. Pascoe, a well-known mountaineer, in *Christchurch Press* of September 16, 1933.

empty and as beautiful as when Butler knew it, and for me also it is a most persistent memory. But the actual site of "Erewhon" remained undiscovered until January 1861, when Butler and a pioneer surveyor, J. H. Baker, endeavoured to find a pass through the mountains to the narrow West Coast of the island by way of the huge Rakaia River. They succeeded in their object, and when Butler came to write his book he placed its peculiar scene somewhere on the other side of that pass, in the wild, unexplored country there. Also he found the sheep run of his ambition, where he soon settled down to double his capital and work out his intellectual salvation. The work done already was sufficient to give him a long reputation as a pioneer explorer, a reputation which is preserved by the use of his name and related names to this day for such places as Butler's Saddle, Butler Range, Erewhon Col, and Chowbok Col, and for the Erewhon branch of the Canterbury Mountaineering Club.

II

It is necessary to bear in mind, despite the difficulties of doing so from an armchair, the conditions under which Butler made his New Zealand journeys. To this day travel in the backblocks is wearisome and nerve-wracking. Nature rules the roost completely as soon as you leave the shingle roads of Canterbury, and rules it in such a way that the traveller is always aware of his lost sovereignty. It is not that the mountains are so fearsome, the climate so extreme, or the wild life so dangerous. First comes the solitude of these hidden places, the total absence of human or even animal influence. You can rely upon nothing but yourself, and only too soon you must discover your own unreliability. Second marches the personality of nature herself, mountains that glower, rivers that thunder, winds that lack all decency, and stone-strewn footways that gibber and mock. Katherine Mansfield's story of madness in the New Zealand bush is in many ways an understatement of reality. Butler, tender from Cambridge and the rectory, met with these monsters, and, although he conquered them in the flesh, endured from them a spiritual purification, or searing, call it what you will, that left him the Butler that we know. In his early book he is youngster enough not to say overmuch of physical discomforts, and of the other side he says nothing at all. "I was not knowing enough to have selected a spot which gave a hollow for the hip-bone." Again:

On their few first experiences of one of these New Zealand rivers, people dislike them extremely; they then become very callous to them,

and are as unreasonably foolhardy as they were before timorous; then they generally get an escape from drowning or two, or else they get drowned in earnest. After one or two escapes, their original respect for the rivers returns and for ever after they learn not to play unnecessary tricks with them.

Of Mount Cook: "Though it is hazardous to say this of any mountain, I do not think that any human being will ever reach its top. I am forgetting myself into admiring a mountain which is no use for sheep. This is wrong; a mountain here is only beautiful if it has good grass on it. Scenery is not scenery, it is 'country.' "

Of the Rakaia River: "Perhaps half a dozen times in a year, the river is what is called bank to bank, that is to say, one mass of water from one side to the other. It is frightfully rapid and as thick as pea soup." And, lastly: "Soon there came out a much grander mountain, a glorious glaciated fellow. It wanted, however, a shaft or two, or some sign of human handiwork in the foreground; as it was, the scene was too savage." After confirming these experiences it is impossible not to find in Butler's books the mark of one who has suffered sand-flies, blow-flies, and swollen rivers, who has battled against the nor'-wester and stood at dawn upon a high peak, say the metaphysicians what they may.

III

After his preliminary skirmishings Butler took up land in the Rangitata district, drove his sheep thither from Christchurch, and settled down in a hut* he had built himself from stones and clay to watch them multiply. For a year or so he dwelt a hermit in this fastness, where he did much reading and scribbling.† The sheep duly multiplied. And in due course he was enabled to descend upon Christchurch and write for the local paper a short article, or letter to the editor, in which he secreted the germ of the book *Erewhon*.

The paper was *The Press*, which at that time was presided over by two cultured men, James Edward Fitzgerald, author of the first slim volume of verse to be printed in New Zealand, and Joseph Colborne-Veel, whose daughter Mary also was a colonists' poet. These people met Butler convivially and encouraged him to write. I was employed by *The Press* myself for a period, and had the satisfaction of turning up in the old files the following letter:—

* See picture facing page 492.

† Mr. John Guthrie, in his New Zealand novel *So They Began* (1936), has an interesting but somewhat incredible portrait of Butler in his mountain home.

Sir,—There are few things of which the present generation is more justly proud than of the wonderful improvements which are daily taking place in all sorts of mechanical contrivances. And indeed it is a matter for great congratulation on many grounds. It is unnecessary to mention these here, for they are sufficiently obvious; our present business lies with considerations which may somewhat tend to humble our pride, and to make us think seriously of the future prospects of the human race. If we revert to the earliest primordial types of mechanical life, to the lever, the wedge, the inclined plane, the screw and the pulley, or (for analogy would lead us one step further) to that one primordial type from which all the mechanical kingdom has been developed, we mean the lever itself, and if we then examine the machinery of the Great Eastern, we find ourselves almost awestruck at the vast development of the mechanical world, at the gigantic strides with which it has advanced in comparison with the slow progress of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. We shall refrain from asking ourselves what the end of this mighty movement is to be. In what direction is it tending? What will be its upshot? To give a few hints toward the solution of these questions is the object of the present letter.

We have used the words “mechanical life,” the “mechanical kingdom,” “the mechanical world,” and so forth and we have done so advisedly, for as the vegetable kingdom was slowly developed from the mineral and as, in like manner, the animal supervened upon the vegetable, so now in these last few ages an entirely new kingdom has sprung up, of which we as yet have only seen what will one day be considered the antediluvian prototypes of the race.

We regret deeply that our knowledge both of natural history and of machinery is too small to enable us to undertake the gigantic task of classifying machines into their genera and subgenera, species, varieties, and subvarieties, and so forth, of tracing the connecting links between machines of widely different characters, of pointing out how subservience to the use of man has played that part among machines which natural selection has performed in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, of pointing out rudimentary organs, which exist in some few machines, feebly developed and perfectly useless, yet serving to mark descent from some ancestral type, which has either perished or been modified into some new phase of mechanical existence. We can only point out this field for investigation; it must be followed up by others whose education and talents have been of a much higher order than any which we can lay claim to.

Some few hints we have determined to venture upon, though we do so with the profoundest diffidence. Firstly, we would remark that as some of the lowest of the vertebrata attained

a far greater size than has descended to their more highly organized living representatives, so a diminution in the size of machines has often attended their development and progress. Take the watch, for instance. Examine the beautiful structure of the little animal, watch the intelligent play of the minute members which compose it; yet this little creature is but a development of the cumbrous clocks of the thirteenth century—it is no deterioration from them. The day may come when clocks, which certainly at the present time are not diminishing in bulk, may be entirely superseded by the universal use of watches, in which case clocks will become extinct like the earlier saurians, while the watch (whose tendency has for some years been rather to decrease in size than the contrary) will remain the only existing type of an extinct race.

The views of machinery which we are thus feebly indicating will suggest the solution of one of the greatest and most mysterious questions of the day. We refer to the question: What sort of a creature man's next successor in the supremacy of the earth is likely to be?

We take it that when the state of things shall have arrived which we have been above attempting to describe, man will have become to the machine what the horse and the dog are to man. He will continue to exist, nay even to improve, and will be constantly better off in his state of domestication under the beneficent rule of the machines than he is at present in his wild state. We treat our horses, dogs, cattle, and sheep, on the whole, with great kindness, we give them whatever experience teaches us to be best for them, and there can be no doubt that our use of meat has added to the happiness of the lower animals far more than it has detracted from it; in like manner it is reasonable to suppose that the machines will treat us kindly, for their existence is as dependent on us as ours is upon the lower animals. They cannot kill us and eat us as we do sheep, they will not only require our services in the parturition of their young (which branch of their economy will always remain in our hands) but also in feeding them, in setting them right when they are sick, and burying their dead or working up their corpses into new machines. It is obvious that if all the animals in Great Britain save man alone were to die, and if at the same time all intercourse were by some sudden catastrophe to be rendered perfectly impossible, it is obvious that under such circumstances the loss of human life would be something fearful to contemplate—in like manner, were mankind to cease the machines would be as badly off or even worse. The fact is that our interests are inseparable from theirs and theirs from ours. Each race is dependent on the others for innumerable benefits, and until the reproductive organs of the animals have been

developed in a manner which we are hardly yet able to conceive, they are entirely dependent upon man for even the continuation of their species. It is true that these organs may be ultimately developed, inasmuch as man's interests lies in that direction; there is nothing which our infatuated race would more desire than to see a fertile union between two steam engines; it is true that machinery even at this present time is employed in begetting machinery, in becoming the parents of machinery often after its own kind, but the days of flirtation, courtship, and matrimony appear to be very remote and indeed can hardly be realized by our feeble and imperfect imaginations.

Day by day, however, the machines are gaining ground upon us: day by day we are becoming more subservient to them; more men are daily devoting the energy of their whole lives to the development of mechanical life. The upshot is simply a question of time, but that the time will come when the machines will hold the real supremacy over the world and its inhabitants, is what no person of a truly philosophical mind can for a moment question. Our opinion is that war to the death should be instantly proclaimed against them. Every machine of every sort should be destroyed by the well-wisher of his species. Let there be no exceptions made, no quarter shown; let us at once go back to the primeval conditions of the race. If it be urged that this is impossible under the present condition of human affairs, this at once proves that the mischief is already done, that our servitude has commenced in good earnest, that we have raised a race of beings whom it is beyond our power to destroy, and that we are not only enslaved, but are absolutely acquiescent in our bondage.

For the present we will leave this subject, which we present gratis to the members of the Philosophical Society. Should they consent to avail themselves of the vast field which we have pointed out, we shall endeavour to labour in it ourselves at some future and indefinite date.—I am, Sir, etc.,

1863.

CELLARIUS.

The above letter, though somewhat diffuse, is undoubtedly the starting-point of *Erewhon*. When Mr. Festing Jones mentions it in his life of Butler he speaks of the similarity between the early effort and "The Book of the Machine" in *Erewhon*.

Butler remained in the colony another eighteen months, during which he spent most of his time in Christchurch, which was then a kind of ungilded Dawson City populated by characters from Trollope. I once had the pleasure of discussing him with Mr. George Harper, Canterbury's Grand Old Man, and the oldest living Etonian, who told me that he recollected Butler quite well as a

member of the Christchurch Club. His principal topic of conversation—as it appealed to a high-spirited youngster—was the extremely defective sanitary arrangements of the infant city!

The illustration which appears on another page is reproduced from a photograph of a water-colour drawing done by Butler of “Mesopotamia,” the home he built for himself at the headwaters of the Rangitata. It is at present in the possession of the Canterbury Public Library, and the picture shows two sturdy cottages, built of stone and daub, with high exterior chimney-pieces, and pleasant thatched roofs. Mr. Festing Jones evidently was unaware of the existence of this picture, otherwise he would have secured a copy of it for his book; but it is useful to compare the drawing with the photograph of “Mesopotamia” which he does reproduce. Mr. Jones’s photograph shows the locality as it probably was; Butler’s painting invests it with a kind of medieval savagery. Before I left New Zealand I paid a visit to “Mesopotamia,” and, after some searching amid a thicket, found the ruins of those brave huts, more than ancient after a short seventy years.



FISHERMEN, PORTOFINO

Wood engraving by IAIN MACNAB

From the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers
and Engravers, at the R.W.S. Gallery.

I RESENTED THIS BIRD

By G. B. Johnston

IT was simply that I felt stupid, so I resented this bird bursting into the office and starting to talk at me. I didn't want to talk. It was half-past two in the morning and I wanted to go home and sleep. But he sat down and started telling me, like a blue streak, what a beautiful winter night it was. Said he came from the North and he loved the winter. I said I wished Charlie would shake a leg about my car. I was fed up.

There was a woman by the name of Morgan who used to live out in the sticks. About that time I came to the conclusion that I was violently in love with her. Took her out about fifteen times in four weeks and then I began to feel that something was just a trifle wrong. I took her home that night from a deadly dull party and she gushed about the snow, too. It was gorgeous—absolutely quiet and a curious yellow light. She had a perfect right to gush. As a matter of fact she was still exactly the person I had always known she was; she didn't change or she didn't behave any differently than usual, but I kissed her, as she expected me to, in the approved Hollywood fashion, and I suddenly wished she was dead or I was dead, for I was no longer the faintest bit interested in her. I was painfully not interested. I wanted to get home and go to sleep and forget about her. And then my car stalled at about half-past one just outside the City and Charlie had to come and tow me in. "Take about an hour," he said. An hour had passed already, and I sat in Charlie's warm office reading a Western magazine and fed to the teeth.

Then this bird roared in, grinning like hell, with his eyes wide open, and sat on the edge of a chair and said:

"Hey, isn't it a beautiful night? I love this kind of a night!"

"Yeh," I said.

"Don't you like it?"

"Yeh. I love it too."

That shut him up for a minute. He got up and went to the window and looked out. Looked both ways and tapped his fingers against the pane. Then he came back and looked at me curiously and fidgeted and asked me what I was reading.

"Western stories," I said. "Do you like them?"

"Yeah! Sure!"

"Well read these, then. I don't." I tossed them at him and got up.

"No, no! Oh, lissen, I didn't mean that." He nearly fell over himself to give them back to me. "I don't want to take them away from you."

"You can have them. I was just reading them to pass the time. I'm going to see how my car's getting along."

"Well, hell, are you going right now?"

"Certainly I'm going right now." I went out into the garage where it was cold and found Charlie tinkering with something on the bench at the back. "How much longer?" I asked him.

"Half an hour."

"Half an hour!—I've got to work to-morrow."

"Yeah?"

I walked up and down clapping my hands and blowing on them. I looked into my car and then I noticed the car the fellow in the office must have brought in. A big, eight-cylinder, sleek-looking job.

"This just come in?"

"Yeah."

I looked it over and whistled.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Aw nothing. He's just nervous, that's all."

"Nervous?" I said. I remembered him tapping the window.

"Nothing's wrong with his crate, if that's what you mean. Got a knock or something. He comes purring in here like a kitten and gets out jumpy as hell and looks all over the front of it. 'It's got a bad knock,' he says, still looking. I can't see anything under the hood so I say, 'Oke—I'll fix it when I'm done with this job.' Then he beats it."

"He's in the office."

I looked at the radiator and the bumper of the big car, but there didn't seem to be anything wrong. "Wonder why he was nervous?" I said.

"Dam' if I know."

I looked for liquor in the rear seat, but there wasn't any.

"This weather must be tough on you," I said.

"Yeah."

I walked quietly back to the office, blowing my hands and looked in through the window. There he was, sitting on the desk looking at nothing with his mouth open. He was handsome enough and his clothes were good, but he wore them like an eighteen-year-old. His hat was pushed way back, for instance. His collar wasn't straight. He must have been at least twenty-five, but there was a feeble mouse of a moustache on his upper lip. I rattled the door-

knob and he jumped off in a hell of a hurry and picked up the book which was on the floor.

You'd think I'd been gone for a week the way he was glad to see me.

"How's your car coming?" he said. You'd think my car was his first baby.

"Too damn slow." He laughed a half-cracked sort of laugh that made me sick, and when I looked at him he stopped. I sat down in Charlie's creaky swivel chair wishing to hell I was out of the office and home. Wishing I was out of the country or somewhere that I'd never have to see the Morgan woman again. I pulled out my knife and started to clean my nails.

"I come from up North, you know," he said.

"Is that so?"

"I'm not a farmer, though. No, sir! I've been well brought up."

"So've I," I said.

"My Dad wants me to be an architect, but hell, I can't study. I hate studying." He started to do a tap-dance on the cement floor.

"Jeezes it's cold, isn't it?" he said.

"Yep."

"I ought to be playing the piano. That's what I can do. I'm pretty hot on the piano, you know. Wat-de-didden!" He whistled and broke into a complicated series of steps. He wasn't bad. As soon as he saw me looking at him he went at it furiously and then stopped quickly.

"Pretty good," I said.

"Yeah?" He did another burst and then sat down on the table and swung his legs. "I'm in a band, see. God, do we have fun! Make money, too! Sometimes I play four of five nights in a week. Hey, do the women ever go for a good pianist! I had a guy offer me a swell job in the States once, playing. Jees, though, I couldn't take it. My old man would be sore as hell if he even knew about the band. Wat-de-didden! I missed a couple of years at Varsity because of it. He'd kill me if he knew. Hell, I don't want to be an architect. You make more money at the piano." He banged his heels against the table. "Is your old man like that?"

"My old man has nothing to do with it."

"Yeah? You don't know how lucky you are!"

He said nothing for a long time and then suddenly he jumped off, looking like a sick cow and said: "Jeezes, isn't it all bloody?" I thought he was going to bawl. He didn't though. He just stood there. Then he started whistling under his breath and in a minute he turned to me and said: "Have you got any lick?"

"Licker . . . ?" He was looking at me as though he thought I were going to blow up. "What's the matter? Are you cold?"

"Oh God no! Oh hell no! nothing's the matter. I just thought you might have some—that's all." He laughed again and I looked at him and he stopped.

"Nope, not a drop," I said.

He kept looking at me. Cleaning my nails was no good so I put my gloves on and leaned back and tried to go to sleep. That didn't work either. Every time I'd open my eyes he'd be looking at me. He'd look somewhere else right away, but each time it would be the same. Once he went to the window and stayed there for quite a while and then came right back to me. When I opened my eyes he was standing over me.

"What the hell's up?" I said. I got to my feet.

"Nothing. Jeess, I'm sorry. Jeess, it's nothing." He looked scared pink.

"Look here," I said. "If you're cold or something, why don't you go and have a cup of coffee. There's a place a block or two along the street."

I thought I had got rid of him that time. I settled down to reading the calendars and the catalogues of automobile parts around the walls. But the kid bothered me. I couldn't help thinking of him as a kid. I walked up and down stamping my feet because the floor was cold, and looked out. It had started snowing again, but just a very little. I looked at the street-lamp across the way and then at Charlie's orange and blue sign. I read all the signs across the bridge in the city—as many of them, that is, as I could see in that distance through the bit of snow. Then I went back and leaned against the radiator and tried to think steadily about something. But the radiator got too hot so I gave up and went out into the garage.

When I got to the other end the kid was there, though he'd only been gone about ten minutes, talking his head off to Charlie.

"Did you get your coffee?" I said.

"Coffee?—Aw no, I didn't go after all."

When he went over to his car Charlie called me and said: "Get him out of here, will you? If you want to get your job done. He's drunk."

"Nope, he's not drunk," I said.

"Well, then, he's nuts."

I didn't particularly want another session with the kid. He'd bothered me too much already. But I did want my car. I went over and took him by the arm. I noticed for the first time that



WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY SAMUEL BUTLER OF HIS NEW ZEALAND HOME

With acknowledgments to the Canterbury Public Library, New Zealand.

he was shaking pretty badly. He came back to the office without saying a word. He looked rather, in fact, as though he'd been caught. I sat him down in the swivel-chair and sat on the desk and looked at him.

"You might as well tell me," I said, "what's the matter. You'll tell me before we've been here long, anyhow. If you do it now it will probably be less painful."

His eyes damn near popped out of his head. He jumped up and made a pass at me, but I pushed him into the chair and picked up an iron paper-weight which I tossed up and down in my hands. That took a bit of doing. I was scared myself. I figured he must have robbed somebody and had come in here to hide.

"Have you got a gun?" I asked him.

"Naw, jees no! Honest, I haven't done anything. Hey, what do you take me for? Do I look like a burglar or something?"

To tell the truth, he didn't, but I hung on to the paper-weight, anyhow. He looked stary-eyed at the door so I tossed it up again and caught it. He settled back, grabbing his knees and looked at it.

"Lissen, what're you going to do with that thing? You can't keep me in here if I don't want to stay. I'm not a crook."

"I know you're not a crook," I said. "Just the same, I'm keeping you here. Now what's it all about?"

He looked straight ahead of him and shivered a couple of times, but he didn't say anything. Finally he forced a big grin and burst out—"This is crazy! I haven't done anything. Hey, I'm married, d'you know it."

Marriage was the one thing I didn't want to hear about. "For God's sake!" I said. "You're not out of school yet, are you?"

"Naw, but we just had to get married. She's swell. It'd be terrible for her if anything happened to me."

"I suppose your old man doesn't know about this, either."

"I'll say he doesn't."

"Well, this isn't what we were talking about," I said. I was trying to figure what the game was. "What's wrong with you to-night?"

He looked scared again for a minute. Then he said, brightly: "Well, my wife, see?"

"Your wife? What do you mean?" I began to see everything a little more clearly. "Is she sick?"

"Yeh—she's going to have a baby!"

"A baby!" That settled it. I put down the paper-weight and lost interest in him completely. I even picked up the Western magazine

again. But I only read about half a page and looked at him. He was bawling. I woke up.

"That's not it!" I said. "If your wife's going to have a baby, what are you doing sitting here?"

"I know, I know," he said. "Honest, I'll tell you. Lissen, I was going to tell you, anyhow. Honest!"

"Oh, good Lord!" I was disgusted.

"Lissen, I killed somebody, I think. Oh jeezes!"

"You what?"

"I, lissen, I'll swear to this, I ran over a man on the highway. He was lying down on the road and I ran over him, I'll swear on the book. I couldn't see him, it was snowing. I couldn't see him until it was too late and I ran clean over him. I stopped, but jees, I was too scared to go back so I came here. I was going to tell you right away but I couldn't. God, I could hear him bump!"

He was bawling like a five-year-old.

"Where did it happen?" I asked him in a hurry.

"I don't know. Back on the highway."

"Whereabouts on the highway?—Come on, come on! Whereabouts?"

"I don't know!—About half a mile this side of Petrie's Gas Station, I think."

I wasn't sure whether to take him or not, but I decided he'd probably be a nuisance. I went to the door.

"Hey, you're not going to tell the cops!" he yelled and got up.

"No," I said, but I bolted the door after me.

I grabbed Charlie's arm and said: "Get your damn tow-wagon out."

"Nope," he said. "I can't leave this place until Steve comes on."

"Listen," I said. "This bird's run over somebody up near Petrie's Gas Station and left him on the road."

"Yeah?" He pulled on his gloves and backed the truck out. I jumped on the running-board and climbed in. We roared away from the city with every light going. "Where'd you leave him?" Charlie hollered.

"Back in the office! I bolted the door!"

About two miles away from the garage I started playing with the searchlight. We drove slowly from there right up to Petrie's and didn't see a thing. We turned back again and drove for three-quarters of a mile looking all over the road. But there wasn't anything.

"Maybe it's nearer the city," I said, so we drove for another quarter of a mile and then I noticed something dark just off the

centre. It was half covered with snow and there were tyre tracks going over it. I felt a bit sick.

"You'll have to go out," I said. "I can't make it."

"Oke." He went to it and picked it up. It turned out to be an old blanket. We drove slowly for another half-mile and then clear back to Petrie's. From there we covered every inch of the road to Charlie's garage.

"Well, I guess it must have been the blanket," Charlie said. "There hasn't been a car over that stretch since him."

That was true enough. The snow hadn't been touched. I felt a bit stupid. When we got in the kid's car had gone. I went down to the office and saw that he'd broken the glass in the door and pulled the bolt. There was a letter to his wife without any address on the table. Evidently he really had one. I took it back and showed it to Charlie. He got into the truck without saying anything, and I followed him feeling stupider than ever, for I knew what it was going to be.

We didn't have to look far. His car was smashed into the side of the bridge which was just two blocks away. We could see from way back that it didn't amount to much. He'd bent the front mudguards all to hell and broken one of the wheels. Charlie got his crane on to it and I talked to the cop.

"Who was in the car? Was anybody hurt?" I said. I didn't want to have to answer any questions.

"Some young fellow. I thought he was drunk at first, but I guess he wasn't."

"Was he hurt badly?" I asked.

"Broke his leg."

He'd done it deliberately all right. The wheel-tracks went straight for the cement railing. I chucked the note in my pocket. "Charlie," I said. "Get my job done in the morning. I'm going home on the street-car."

"Oke."

It was nearly four already and I couldn't get the damn Morgan woman off my mind.

CORRESPONDENCE

POETRY AND DRAMA

To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY AND BOOKMAN

DEAR SIR,—In fairness to your readers, to M. Jean Cocteau and myself, I feel that certain misinterpretations in Mr. MacNeice's review of my English version of *The Infernal Machine* and my Introductory essay should be corrected.

"The implied distinction between the dramatist interested in ideas and the dramatist interested in drama" and "the Pure Poet" are all fictions of Mr. MacNeice's imagination. Had he examined my essay sufficiently carefully he would have realized that the poets I refer to in "the theatre as a medium for poets" are not "Pure Poets," whom I had been at pains to distinguish as poets *in* the theatre from those *of* the theatre—which distinction Mr. MacNeice quotes, but he evidently fails to see the inference.

A pure poet would write poetry while a pure dramatist would write drama. The "literary" writer would not be a poet *of* the theatre. The "non-literary" writer on the other hand *might* be a poet *of* the theatre. A knowledge and mastery of verse technique is not harmful to poets, nor is a mastery of theatre technique harmful to the dramatist. Ideas are not thereby excluded. But the sociological or psychological dramatist is bound by his analysis of life to a more realistic form of theatre (which does not necessarily exclude him from grace). Species of dramatist do exist and can be differentiated. I merely contented myself in showing the subjects which, in my belief, are most likely to be fruitful to the imaginative dramatist in the full use of this complicated medium. It is up to the dramatist, who can judge for himself, with the outstanding examples of Obey and Cocteau before him.

I have taken some interest in the new movement in English drama, which, according to Mr. MacNeice, is to go the opposite way to Cocteau. But have the findings of the French School, which have become "almost a commonplace" to your reviewer, really been assimilated? Or are we to understand that the English dramatist of to-day or to-morrow is a fowl who calls "aesthete" and hides his head under his newly fledged left-wing?

Yours very truly,

CARL WILDMAN

19 Central Road, West Didsbury, Manchester.

[Mr. MacNeice writes:

The passage which I quoted in my review from Mr. Wildman's introduction still seems to me to imply that *poetic* dramatists have a better chance of development if they follow Cocteau into fantasy and myth than if they try to express sociological or psychological ideas. If this is the implication, I cannot agree with it. Nor would I agree with Mr. Wildman that "the sociological or psychological dramatist is bound by his analysis of life to a more realistic form of theatre." Sociology and psychology are themselves highly stylized to start with, and are at least as ready to "lend themselves to stage conventions, the mood of the age, and the fantasy of the poet" as Mr. Wildman's "known themes, mythological, legendary, religious or historical."]

THE LESSER VICTORIAN NOVELISTS

SIR,—I have been baffled by a phrase in Mr. Ashley Sampson's article on Trollope (p. 374 of your February number): "the plot, so well organized and brilliantly executed by even the lesser novelists of that day—Wilkie Collins, Lord Lytton, Whyte Melville, and Walter Pater."

I know of no completed work by Walter Pater which could be described as a novel, except *Marius the Epicurean*, which I have never looked upon as conspicuous for intricacy of plot; and I should therefore be grateful if you would name the book or books on which Mr. Sampson's observation is based.

Yours etc.,

EDWARD MARSH

5 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn.

[Mr. Sampson replies:

The names of the books on which I based my observations are *Marius the Epicurean* and the posthumous romance, *Gaston de Latour*. Neither of these works discloses any "intricacy of plot" in the sense that some of the works of the other authors whom I named do; but Sir Edward Marsh does not accuse me of having affirmed this. They do, however, display plots "well organized and brilliantly executed"; and even Walter Pater's *Imaginary Portraits* (though essays in philosophical fiction rather than fiction in the purist sense) reveal, to my mind, how weak and unsubstantial fiction was apt to become, in the Victorian era, when unfortified by plot.]

HISTORIC BUILDINGS FOR EMBASSIES

SIR,—Two Governments have shown that a partial solution of a difficulty common to many capital cities may be reached. A few years ago the Italian Government purchased the renowned Farnese Palace in Rome and let it to the French Government, for a long period at a peppercorn rent, for use as the French Embassy. In return, I believe, the Italians were allotted, at a similar nominal rental, an historical building of corresponding importance for their Embassy in Paris. If, Sir, this example were followed in London, and extended to embrace consulates as well as embassies, several mansions could be saved, and some beautiful medium-sized houses also. Crewe House might thus have been preserved. It has gone; but there are still a few great houses in existence—and in jeopardy.

Admittedly, most embassies and some consulates are already handsomely accommodated. Indeed, we owe the safeguarding of a number of our noblest residences to the money and care of foreigners. But they, like other London tenants, are often at the mercy of landlords, who can be forced or tempted into selling. There are well over a hundred embassies, legations, and consulates in London. They seem to offer a considerable, but fleeting, opportunity.

Faithfully yours,

V. A. POPE

THE THEATRE

CANDIDA. By Bernard Shaw. Globe Theatre.

INVITATION TO A VOYAGE. By Jean-Jacques Bernard. Gate Theatre.

AS YOU LIKE IT. New Theatre.

ONE must have a long memory to recall any but "scratch" performances of *Candida*. It is not a play that goes easily into repertory, and it has had to wait forty years to get its first regular run in the West End. But the production at the Globe is as carefully cast as though the play were a brand new masterpiece—and to a generation which has few opportunities of seeing Shaw in his early rebellious mood adequately interpreted *Candida* may well seem something like that.

Half the point of the satire vanishes if the hypocrisy of the philanthropic "socialist" vicar is made too blatant, or if the Shelleyan talk of the destructive young poet is allowed to become mere fanfaronading. The Rev. James Morell is not an obvious satirical butt. He is the kind of clergyman most of us resent without quite knowing why we do. With nothing that he says can we wholly disagree. The causes he spends himself upon may well be ours. And when we fancy that he is about to betray a certain narrowness of outlook, out pops the broad-minded phrase which confounds our suspicions. Thus Mr. Nicholas Hannen presents Mr. Shaw's victim and lets no tell-tale unctuousness spoil the comedy which exposes the hollowness of the vicar's high-sounding phrases and leaves him hopelessly deflated to the maternal compassion of *Candida*. Mr. Hannen resolutely refuses to betray Morell, as lesser players of the part frequently do. He clings desperately to the vicar's happy self-estimate. When one part of it is torn away by the hectic Marchbanks, he wraps the rest about him with what dignity he can muster and is histrionic to the last when he "accepts" his wife's judgment.

The seriousness of this unwinking portrait is made safe by Mr. Stephen Haggard, who comes as near as any actor has ever done to justifying Mr. Shaw's hazardous conception of the poet whose business it is to explain that Morell's wife is, mystically, his because he and not Morell can understand her. Mr. Haggard makes such lively entertainment of this femininely timid and intellectually fierce creature that we can overlook the shoddy quality of the poetry that has been given him to speak. And Miss Ann Harding's portrait of *Candida*, dignified and interesting throughout, discovers amid the ingenuities of the dubious final scene a genuine sentiment. Against the rest of the cast there is no serious word of complaint to be said. Miss Athene Seyler, as the adoring typist, is great fun, Mr. Edward Chapman an amusing Burgess, and Mr. Geoffrey Edwards discovers in the harmless, necessary curate more character than Mr. Shaw troubled to put in.

Equally deserving of support, though everything that *Candida* is not, is the Gate Theatre's admirable production of M. Jean-Jacques Bernard's *L'Invitation au Voyage* in a translation by Mr. John Leslie Frith. M. Bernard seems at times to work in fetters for the sake of his theory that a situation

once created on the stage can only be weakened by comment, but in this play it is clear that dialogue more explicit than he uses could only weaken the impression. He traces in the mind of a woman the course of a fantasy which has its whole basis in the departure of a commonplace man for the Argentina. While he is away he is for the woman an incarnation of the romance of strange places beyond her reach. But he returns; she goes to meet him; and instantly recognizes the quite unremarkable man whose presence, when he lived in her husband's house, she hardly noticed. The play does almost perfectly what it sets out to do, showing how secret thoughts and illusions about life, though never given expression in terms of fact, may have nevertheless an important influence. It gives a smooth and clear reflection of the day-dream, and draws real pathos from its destruction. All the players are not equally good, but Miss Vivienne Bennett, as the woman, gives the dream intense reality in a performance as certain as it is sensitive and troubling.

At the New Theatre there is to be seen an adroit translation of *As You Like It* into an eighteenth-century comedy, and a brilliant translation of *Rosalind* by Miss Edith Evans into *Rosalind's sister* born a century later and born a little sophisticated. Ardent admirers of the Elizabethan *Rosalind*, who know that some of her jests should dance on the edge of tears, may not like the prospect; but Miss Evans has placed them in an awkward dilemma. If they avoid her performance, they will save themselves the pain of beholding a *Rosalind* who, except for one fleeting moment, has no more love for Orlando than *Millamant* had for *Mirabell*; on the other hand they will miss a dozen passages of the comedy played with a marvellous ease and grace rarely paralleled in more conventional interpretations. It is the privilege of great actresses to raise such dilemmas; and wise playgoers, I fancy, cross their fingers and become a little disloyal to Shakespeare that they may not be shut out from a piece of delightful acting. Miss Evans has improved considerably on her performance at the Old Vic, and the cast now adapts itself more smoothly to her anti-romantic reading of the part. Mr. Michael Redgrave lets the romanticism of his Orlando rest gently on *Rosalind's* wit, which is now edged with feminine guile; Miss Marie Ney is a tactful (and an extremely entertaining) *Celia*; and Mr. Frederick Lloyd deftly gallicizes *Touchstone*. No less deftly the scene painters gallicize *Arden*; and the result obviously delights the audience.

A. V. COOKMAN

ART

IN more than one review of the Reynolds exhibition attention was drawn to the fact that whereas recently there had been a number of exhibitions of Gainsborough's work, there had been none of Reynolds'. The centenary exhibition at Ipswich and the exhibition at Sir Philip Sassoon's last year had a particular importance in creating a general appreciation of Gainsborough's early style at a time when the spirit of the age, or whatever one may call the mysterious communal taste of different periods, is particularly capable of appreciating it. Nevertheless, a representative exhibition of Reynolds' work has at least an equally important function to perform. The disparity between Reynolds' theory and his practice has been commented upon from his own day, when Blake gibed at him with his "For Michelangelo read Rembrandt for 'tis fit to make here common honesty of all that he has writ," to the text-books of our own times. But the discussion has centred about the question of whether he was justified, as an upholder of the grand tradition, in painting as he did. The influence of such artists as Rembrandt and Rubens has been noted in one picture or another, but the prevailing difference in his ideals as a portraitist from those of the portraitists really of the grand style has at least not been elaborated upon, and it is just this difference which the present exhibition makes clear.

Reynolds himself criticized in his eighth *Discourse* Rigaud and the French portraitists of his generation for their want of simplicity, and his *Mrs. Lloyd*, No. 79, is an illustration of his point. It is neo-classical, whereas Rigaud's portraits were of the end of the older classical tradition, but it is Reynolds' interpretation of portraiture in the grand style. Notice how charmingly free of pedantry—the bane of neo-classicism—he is, how much of the woman herself he catches, in spite of the affectation of the conception in the literary sense. He himself sometimes falls below this level—compare the *Duchess of Buccleugh and her daughter*, No. 17, with its ridiculous drapery in the tree—but in his better grand portraits he shows the same unconventional, sensitive reaction to character as in such portraits as the "*Offie*" *Palmer*, No. 67, or the *Joseph Baretti*, No. 76, where an intimate sense of personality, not convention, dictates the way in which the sitter is presented. Even the comparative informality of *Lépicié* appears formal by contrast. Reynolds' portraits of children might appear to be even better examples of this. But these seem, to me at least, to have their own formality of facetiousness or sentimentality. Reynolds was a great success with children, but he could not imagine them as human beings.

Reynolds made his name as a colourist. Here, as usual, colourist means more than it says. It means the difference between conceiving brush strokes as an unfortunately necessary means of laying paint on canvas and conceiving them as in themselves a means of expression and as having a beauty of their own. Gainsborough's more obvious use of brushwork has tended to disguise this element in Sir Joshua's work. The latter himself refers to its

use by Gainsborough in his fourteenth *Discourse* as if it were something new to him; nevertheless his own use of it is much more varied and really expressive, and it is a fundamental difference between his practice and that of the French portraitists of his own century, with the exception of Perronneau in his later work, possibly influenced by Gainsborough. Examples of this conception of brushwork, together with brilliant colour as such, are numerous in the exhibition, such as two hanging side by side—the *Countess of Cumberland*, No. 61, a beautiful harmony in blue and white, and the *Lady Caroline Price*, No. 62, a bold white and black against a strong red ground. In his *Wang-y-Tong*, No. 15, his originality of colour and handling seem to remove him from his century to our own day. It is interesting to notice this quality in the first president of our Royal Academy. It was one generally present in the older English school, in Crome for instance, and in Constable, and eagerly but rather unsuccessfully sought after by the French in the early nineteenth century. To-day it seems to be rather a French than an English characteristic.

Little space remains for comment on other exhibitions. Although the pictures by English artists at Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft are to be shown later in Paris, it is beside the point to criticize the choice of artists represented. But something may be said of the choice of pictures. The *Girl with a Violin* by Mrs. Bell is one of the best pictures in the exhibition. It has a quiet perfection in the expression of sentiment, in the handling of the tones and in colour which surpasses anything I have seen before by this artist. Mr. Paul Nash's *Environment for two objects* and the three pictures by Mr. Stanley Spencer show the artists at their best, while Mr. Wadsworth is well served by *Regalia* and badly by the affected pattern-making of *Rue de Fontaine Caylus, Marseilles*. On the other hand, it seems a pity that an early work by Mr. Lamb was not chosen instead of an example of the banal style which he has latterly developed. The worst served, however, is Mr. John. His *Louise* is merely *chic*, but his *Lady Mary Dunn* is not even that—it is entirely in the genre of the popular magazine cover.

The Lefevre galleries exhibit some pictures by Mr. Ivon Hitchins. This is most welcome, as besides being obviously an artist of importance and originality, he is an artist difficult to understand. His free handling of forms and his use of flat passages of colour give an obvious decorative quality to his work. But there are in it signs of contrary interests which may supersede this, constructive and expressionist interests, to describe them shortly, as needs must. The former are shown clearly in *Hazel Path*, No. 8. Here they are not completely successful, the landscape having something of the crudity of a stage *décor*; but in certain passages in the distance in other works, such as *Holiday*, No. 25, a fuller and subtler conception of three-dimensional space has been achieved. The expressionist tendency is clear in *Shade*, No. 2. Perhaps a hint of the final synthesis of the two is given by *Winter Stage*, No. 15.

WILLIAM GIBSON

MUSIC

IT has been a month of Choral music. At the end of January the B.B.C. and the Croydon Philharmonic Society gave Vaughan Williams's *Five Tudor Portraits* its first London performance; a fortnight later Malcolm Sargent conducted a section of the Royal Choral Society at a pair of Courtauld-Sargent Concerts in the Beethoven *Missa Solennis*, and, at a Philharmonic Thursday with the Huddersfield Choral Society, William Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* and the Mozart *Mass in C minor*. Sargent excels in the control of large choral masses—a specialized field; and the vigour of his handling of Walton's score, coupled with the marvellous Yorkshire choral tone, will not easily be forgotten.

It was a curious experience, as one watched these Huddersfield sopranos, so many of them grey- or white-haired, to hear the splendidly sustained volume and brilliant attack of their singing. Intellectually too, the whole choir was alert and ready for anything in this difficult music. A rehearsing of the work under such inspiring conditions could only increase our respect. The whole of the opening section is superb, above all the bitter lyricism of "By the waters of Babylon." So is the middle part, descriptive of the feast itself. But somehow the dramatic climax, the Writing on the Wall, does not—as it must if it is to fulfil the promise of the rest—strike the listener cold with horror. I am convinced that this is due to no inadequacy of imaginative or musical power in the composer, but simply to his unfortunate decision to entrust this (and other salient moments of the narrative) to a solo baritone, in long unaccompanied stretches of a sort of barbaric *parlando*. After such a choir as this has flung to the stars the praise of false gods of Gold and Silver and Iron and Brass, I doubt if any soloist in the world, except perhaps Chaliapine, could seize and hold our attention, at any rate *without the help of the orchestra*. Certainly Mr. George Hancock could not. The difficulty of the task is increased by the fact that before the soloist's entry the music comes to a full stop and there is an instant's pause during which the audience has time to think: "Well, I wonder what he will make of the Writing on the Wall." In the language of the cinema, continuity is destroyed. Nothing could be more presumptuous than for me to advise a composer of Mr. Walton's achievement how to lay out his works; nevertheless I cannot help wishing that at this point he had preserved the musical texture unbroken, allowing the barbaric splendour to turn suddenly sour and cold and ghostly, the riotous feast to become on the instant ashes in our mouths: retaining, as it were, the same scene, but with a spectral, enharmonic change of lighting. For such an effect he possesses unrivalled rhythmic and harmonic resource.

We could have done with those Huddersfield sopranos in the Beethoven *Mass*: though our London singers made a valiant effort to surmount the virtually insurmountable, several of their high B flats were nearer A than B flat. The *Missa Solennis* is in fact no more just a choral work than the

Hammerklavier Sonata is just a piano sonata; it is an enormous piece of musical design in which Beethoven at one moment makes most subtle use of the medium, at the next utterly disregards it, writing for earthly singers as though for the Heavenly Choir itself. Nevertheless at this performance the vigorous parts of the Mass made a great effect; whereas the endlessly blessed stream of tone in the *Benedictus* was quite insensitively handled by the conductor: taken a shade too fast, it remained untouched by ecstasy; nor was Mr. McCallum's violin solo sufficiently serene. The solo singers on the other hand (Isobel Baillie, Mary Jarred, Heddle Nash, and Keith Falkner) were excellent, the soprano in particular achieving some ravishing moments in her long soaring phrases.

Miss Baillie sang again (not nearly so well) in the important soprano part of the Mozart Mass that followed *Belshazzar's Feast*. The choir was about six times too big for this work, whose contrapuntal lines were often obscured by sheer weight of tone. It is, as now performed, a patchwork containing some indifferent Mozart beside much that is of the finest quality, notably the *Qui tollis*. But I think the critics are mistaken who dismiss the *Et Incarnatus* as a mere piece of florid writing for soprano: even the sympathetic Blom likens it to an aria by Donizetti or Bishop. In the *Laudamus te* the *fioriture* are a little stiff, but here on the contrary they seem to me deeply expressive. To Mozart it was as natural as to the psalmist to sing and give praise with the best member that he had; and one of the very best members that an eighteenth-century composer had was solo singing, especially soprano singing, of a skill and subtlety only to be paralleled in our day by the greatest instrumental virtuosi. The enormous decline in vocal standards blinds us to-day even to the abstract pattern-beauty of such arias, much more to their expressive content; we dub them indiscriminately "stiff" or "over-elaborate" or "display-pieces." Of course some of them are. But it is clear that Mozart himself conceived the most varied and indeed violent emotions to the expressible in terms of *coloratura*: the vengeful fury of the Queen of the Night, the agony and pleading of Constanze, Donna Anna smiling through her tears, Blondchen teasing Osmin, and (in the *Et Incarnatus*) a deep, brooding tenderness which, so far from being dissipated in the *cadenza*, attains its emotional climax just there. If Mozart had been told that this was a mere display-piece, he would have been as puzzled as would Brahms or Sibelius or Elgar were a similar charge to be brought against their violin concertos. And if a time comes when there is no violinist left who can play accurately the mere notes of these works, far less convey their spiritual temper, no doubt the world will judge them too to be as characterless and *cadenza*-ridden as Vieuxtemps or Wieniawski.

Space remains only to remark categorically that the new Vaughan Williams is one of his best works, if not his very best; and to urge all who are seriously interested in music on no account to miss the B.B.C.'s performance of Busoni's *Doktor Faust* on March 17th—the first in England.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

FILMS

THE GREAT BARRIER. *British.*
 THE PLAINSMAN. *American.*
 DREAMING LIPS. *British.*

"GO West, young man!"—this is always good advice for the cinema, many would say. The drumming of hoofs in a cloud of dust, as the Sheriff's posse gallops through Dead Man's Gulch, was the earliest film recipe and is still one of the surest. It leads on to the covered wagons and the pioneers, the riding all day through long grass, the promise of golden opportunity ahead and the shadow of Indian war parties near at hand. These are scenes to which city audiences, particularly, will always respond, for who has never dreamt of a new life of free adventure in the morning of the world? British producers, wishing they too had the prairie and a steady income from Westerns within easy reach, have been told to look to the Dominions—the open spaces, the wild scenery, the romantic history, neglected so far. Now, while Paramount in *The Plainsman* have gone back to the time of Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill, Gaumont have turned to roughly the same period in Canada, when the Canadian Pacific railway line was climbing through the Rockies on its way from Montreal to Vancouver.

The Great Barrier was a film worth making, and Milton Rosmer, directing, has packed it with graphic adventure—forest fire and avalanche, a mutiny of the workmen when the line is held up by swamps and precipices and funds run short, and a perilous search by volunteers for a new route among rocks and snow, revealed dramatically at last—this is said to be historically accurate—by an eagle which leaves its nest and flies off down a hidden valley. One weakness, I think, is that the film never gives much idea of the day-to-day engineering work involved in this sort of railway enterprise; the adventures are all possible, but there are too many of them, close together, for typical truth. Another weakness, usual in open-air pictures, is that the characterization tends to be stereotyped, although Richard Arlen plays the hero with a pleasantly natural verve, and Roy Emerton makes a compelling figure of the hard-driving construction boss. However, *The Great Barrier* is a racy, vigorous piece of work, and it suffers less from its reliance on trusty conventions than does *The Plainsman*, the latest production of that veteran epic-specialist, Mr. Cecil B. de Mille.

Mr. de Mille is always apt to think in terms of historical generalities and noble sentiments, and *The Plainsman* suffers from subordinating its persons and its story to a scenario framed to bring a variety of historically scattered incidents into connection with a theme taken from Abraham Lincoln's words—"The frontier must be made safe." The incidents are varied and exciting enough; the film marches in spacious style through battles and ambushes and tense moments of private gun-play, and the essential drama of the period enters into the action sufficiently to give it a breadth and purpose beyond the range of cowboy escapades. But the characters are too

stiffly heroic or mechanically villainous to seem quite human, and somehow they seem to get less and less human as the film proceeds. Gary Cooper, as Wild Bill Hickok, is easy and supple at first, but gradually his behaviour is forced into a rigidly conventional pattern, until his death in the last reel—he is shot in the back in a saloon—has the quality almost of a ritual murder carried out in accordance with strict etiquette. I can hardly believe that the real Bill Hickok was ever quite so foolhardy as Mr. Cooper; but I have never fully grasped the Wild Western rules which appear to determine, with pedantic precision, just when a strong man may draw his gun and when he must wait for a gun to be drawn on him.

In these films of strenuous action the cinema is concerned essentially with taking the theatre out-of-doors. In *Dreaming Lips* it turns to a quite different task, equally appropriate to its peculiar resources—the task of turning the inner world of the novel into visual drama. What is needed here is something like a Popular Front, aiming to bring both aspects of the cinema, the intellectual and the muscular, closer together. *Dreaming Lips* could spare some of its subtlety to fertilize the great open spaces and would have gained from an infusion of swift purpose and hard common sense. Elisabeth Bergner repeats the part she played in the German version of the same story, *Der Traumende Mund*, four years ago, but the treatment of her infatuation for the violin virtuoso, her husband's old friend, seems to me less convincing. Partly it may be that her domestic background, I think, has become more luxurious and sophisticated; the great violinist belongs quite naturally to her world when he ought to seem like a visitor from another. And so, in spite of the fine quality of her acting, as responsive to emotion as water to the wind, the film lingers always too near that narrow boundary which separates the poignant from the absurd. So much depends on finding the exactly right way of handling every detail, and sometimes it is found—in the dream sequence, for instance, when Gaby dreams that the doctor is telling her how much sleeping-draught to give her husband, ill in bed. Suddenly the violinist is standing where the doctor stood, and taking the bottle from him she pours it all out at once. But there are cruder moments, too, particularly one at the end, when the letter Gaby writes to her husband before her suicide has somehow to be made known to the audience. As she sits in the waterside bar, looking at the sealed envelope, the writing might have become visible, clearly visible as it repeats itself in her mind, and then it could have blurred into ripples on the river, the wintry Thames which is to wash her troubles away. Certainly a London policeman ought not to read aloud to a group of loafers a letter he has just taken from the handbag of a drowned woman.

CHARLES DAVY

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE *Shakespeare Bibliography*, published in 1931 by Dr. Walther Ebisch and Professor Levin L. Schüking, both of Leipzig University, is an authoritative and much valued work of reference. The authors have now issued, at the Oxford University Press, the publishers of that book, a *Supplement for the Years 1930-1935* (price 5s.). This is a compilation of which I need, perhaps, say little here, for its utility will be obvious. It contains just over a hundred pages, with an average of about twelve or fourteen entries to a page. There is an index of authors at the end; and books, as well as references in learned periodicals, written in many languages are recorded. Indeed, the only general criticism it seems necessary to make relates to the title, which is scarcely wide enough, and does not make it clear that the book deals not only with the publications of the period named on the title-page, but also with those omitted from the original volume. The authors do, in their brief preface, mention that they have taken the opportunity "to repair a few important omissions in the original work," but even this scarcely covers the facts. For, if a number of pages chosen at random in various parts of the book may be taken as fair samples, the references to books or articles published before 1930 must amount to about thirty per cent of the total. This is a point of considerable importance to users of the book, who, until they have discovered the true facts for themselves, might well be misled by its title.

* * *

A pleasing tribute to an eminent English Italian scholar is Messrs. C. J. Sisson and C. Foligno's *Edmund Garratt Gardner . . . A Bibliography of his Publications* (Dent, 10s. 6d.). Gardner, who died in 1935, aged sixty-six, was a Cambridge man who held chairs of Italian at Manchester and at University College, London, successively. Both the compilers of this little book pay tributes to his memory, Mr. Sisson stressing the charm of his character, and Mr. Foligno the soundness of his scholarship and the seriousness with which it was treated even in Italy. The earliest of Gardner's writings here recorded was an article on "Dante's Quaestio de Aqua et Terra" in *Nature* of January 26, 1893, and the last was a review in *The Modern Language Review* in 1934. This slim volume is not what a book-collector would term a bibliography, for there are no collations and the items are only briefly mentioned. Rather is it a hand-list of titles, and it furnishes, with the limits of such a list, a useful record of Gardner's written work.

* * *

Mr. F. Partridge, the editor of *Book-Prices Current*, notes in the introduction to the latest volume of this well-known and valuable annual, that it has now reached its jubilee. For this volume, covering the auction season from October 1935 to August 1936, is the fiftieth. A number of American auctions

as well as those held in London, are included, and one is glad to note that in Mr. Partridge's opinion "in the U.S.A. the demand for books is markedly reviving." In the English sale-rooms, though, as he notes, some interesting libraries were sold, nothing really sensational happened. *Book-Prices Current* is published by Messrs. Witherby and costs £1 12s. 6d.

* * *

So much for last year's record. Now a few words about the present auction season, which looks like being of considerable importance from the book-collecting point of view. I write these lines before the first outstanding literary sale of 1937, that of the Nelson Letters, and other naval papers, belonging to Sir George Duckworth King, has actually taken place, and I cannot usefully say much about it. But two extremely important book-sales are announced by Messrs. Sotheby for March and there are rumours of others. The two of which details are available are those of the libraries of Lt.-Col. W. E. Moss and of Lord Aldenham. Colonel Moss's collection, which will take six days, beginning on March 2nd, to sell, is famous for its Blakes and for its fine old bindings. The Blake section of the catalogue will be sold on the second day, and runs to nearly 150 lots. The most notable among them are one of the nine or ten early copies (issued between 1790 and 1794) of the *Songs of Innocence*, and one of the three earliest copies (all issued in 1794) of the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. There is also one of about three copies of Young's *Night Thoughts* which have Blake's plates coloured by himself, and there is a remarkable autograph letter to his brother in which he speaks of William Hayley's supposed jealousy:—

The truth is as a Poet he is frightened at me & as a Painter his views & mine are opposite he thinks to turn me into a Portrait Painter as he did Poor Romney, but this he nor all the devils in hell will never do.

Other things in this sale include a manuscript notebook of John Evelyn, several books from the library of Sir Henry Wotton, and others bound for Matthew Parker. In Lord Aldenham's library, the first part of which is to be sold on March 22nd, and the two following days, there are several important illuminated manuscripts, a notable collection of early English Bibles, first editions of *Lycidas* and—even more rare—of *Comus*, besides many other treasures, which I have no space to discuss. I may, perhaps, just have a line or two left me to mention that they include Dame Juliana Berners's *The Book of St. Albans*, 1486, and Sir Thomas Cockayne's *A Short Treatise of Hunting: Compyled for the delight of Noblemen and Gentlemen*, 1591, of which only three copies are known.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK PRODUCTION NOTES

BOOKS FROM SOME PRIVATE PRESSES

IT is some twelve years since I first noted in the LONDON MERCURY a book printed by Mr. James Masters at the High House Press, Shaftesbury. Since then it has been a recurring pleasure to record its progress and output. Mr. Masters has now moved his home and with it his types and his Albion hand-press to Westbury-on-Trym on the outskirts of Bristol. His first issue from the new address is a fine edition of Thomas Heywood's rare *Epithalamium*, written for the brilliant but luckless marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the future King of Bohemia at Whitehall in 1612.* It is a large quarto printed from 18-point Cloister type in red and black on an unbleached wove hand-made paper.

The Skull† is a rather grim sketch by Rhys Davies which Mr. Vincent Stuart has set in print for the first time at the Tintern Press, Brockweir, Chepstow. It is a quarto, printed in 18-point Romanee type on a Barcham Green paper. Sylvia Marshall's wood-engravings are arranged in pairs, left and right, cutting into the type lunette-wise at the foot of each opening. The grimness of the story seems to be suggested in the binding with its bevelled boards of white buckram, stamped with a bold symbolic device in black, and a back of black morocco.

From the Latin Press, Langford, near Bristol, Mr. Guido Morris sends me the first two numbers of *Loquela Mirabilis*, a little square-shaped occasional publication in which he is printing at his hand-press noteworthy utterances of various authors, ancient and modern. The second number, for instance (the first is out of print), contains Peter Abelard's Latin hymn for the feast of St. John the Evangelist with a translation by Helen Waddell. There are also three original woodcuts, slightly tinted. Each number costs a shilling. Mr. Morris uses for it the Bembo type in the 16-point size.

The large and beautifully clear type chosen for use at these little private presses sets an example which book-printers who print for publishers might more often follow. Mr. Will Carter, also, has used the 18-point size of the delicate Arrighi italic for the incunabula issued from his Rampant Lions Press, set up not long since at Jordan's Yard, Cambridge.‡ Like Mr. Masters, Mr. Stuart, and Mr. Morris, Mr. Carter is his own compositor and pressman; and his pages, printed on "Winterboorn" hand-made paper, show evenness of impression such as is often wanting from the early work of a private press.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

* *A Marriage Triumphe. Solemnized in an Epithalamium In memorie of the happie Nuptials betwixt the High and Mightie Prince Count Palatine and the most Excellent Princesses the Lady Elizabeth.* Written by Thomas Heywood. 65 copies. One guinea.

† Eighty-five copies. 25s. Fifteen copies in black and white pigskin at £3 each.

‡ *A Spanish Triptych.* Being three Poems of Compassion by Robert Nichols. 8vo, wrapper, 116 copies, 5s. Now out of print.



HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON

Bronze by SAVA

NEW LITERATURE

KIPLING ON HIMSELF

By Edward Thompson

SOMETHING OF MYSELF. The Autobiography of Rudyard Kipling. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

Kipling's opinions, in their ferocity and certainty, aroused a personal as well as literary dislike. Since his death there has been an intensifying and sharpening of issues (with a simultaneous narrowing of sympathies and loss of tolerance), and this book is certain to re-awaken resentment. He ostentatiously trails his coat to all "Liberals," and drives in at their carelessness, which has (one gathers) left Great Britain completely disarmed. Some readers, too, will be irritated by his occasional rowdy use of capital letters, which, far from clarifying his meaning, often steepens it in fee-fo-fumness; a grey period of his childhood is here presided over by "the Woman," who gains nothing of grimness by this denomination. But few writers have not mannerisms which some readers find maddening. Kipling's mannerisms and opinions matter little against his genius and achievement; and only those who are resolutely prejudiced against *anything* by him could fail to find *Something of Myself* interesting and important. Very few writers have produced more than one or two first-rate books, but Kipling is one of them.

He began as a journalist, and to the end kept many qualities of the fine journalist. This autobiography abounds in incidents isolated by cleanness of outline and selection of detail. They will be cited by reviewers, until many who have never read the book will almost feel that they have read it, they will remember this or that episode so plainly. For example, there is a notable entrance of Kipling's cousin, young Stanley Baldwin, his ally in a "self-sacrificing war against a wasps'

nest on a muddy islet in a most muddy pond," and in the looting of "an enormous currant roly-poly—a 'spotted dog' a foot long. We took it away to sustain us in action." The future Prime Minister and future Poet of Empire seem to have been linked in other exploits, returning "red-booted from assisting at the slaughter of swine, or reeking after the exploration of attractive muck-heaps." The farmer with whom they stayed said that they "did each other 'no good'" (which perhaps some of their critics in later life suspected before this disclosure).

Those who hunt for "sources" (as the thesis-writers will, when they get busy on Kipling, a century from now) will find some indicated. There is this jolly reminiscence: "It was on this trip that I saw a happy family of four bears out for a walk together, all talking at the top of their voices." It is still a revolutionary suggestion that animals have their own lives and ways of thinking and companionship together, and are not merely stuff to be swept up for massed executions (as they are in India). Kipling believed they had rights, and his four jovial bears are as alive as the characters of the *Jungle Books*. But darker memories are woven into his fiction. None of his short stories carries (for one reader, at any rate) such an impression of wretchedness remembered as *Baa Baa Black Sheep* does. Its "source" lies in an experience now made public, which "drained me of any capacity for real personal hate for the rest of my days. . . . 'Who having known the Diamond will concern himself with glass?'" The most terrible passage in the "fiction" springs from the fact that the author's mother, returned from India, "told me afterwards that when she first

came up to my room to kiss me good-night I flung up an arm to guard off the cuff that I had been trained to expect."

Injustice received in childhood keeps a special bitterness. Because of it Kipling believed that he lost his capacity for hatred early. He managed, however, on occasion to reproduce a very fair imitation of detestation. "In Manchester was a paper called *The Manchester Guardian*. Outside the mule-lines I had never met anything that could kick or squeal so continuously, or so completely round the entire compass of things." That partly (but only partly) comes under his general dislike of "Liberals"; and there are many writers whom he would have unhesitatingly condemned as "Liberals" who share his opinion of a certain kind of ethical superiority that finds every last thing wrong when it is on the fault-finding trail, and if it had found the opposite would have found that wrong. There is nothing to be done about it; as Sancho Panza pointed out, "We are all as God has made us, and most of us a good deal worse." Again, he makes no attempt to hide his feelings (and again many English writers will be glad that he does not) when he speaks of "the large and intended gaps in the American Copyright Law." His books were not merely stolen, they were increased and interpolated and embellished "with stuff I had never written." One of the pirates, when he "tried to bring him to book for a more than usually flagrant trespass," said simply, "We thought there was money in it, so we did it" (Kipling adds, "It was, you see, his religion").

Something of Myself, then, though written out of memory, not imagination, takes its place in the Kipling canon. Every page is alive with personal quality. The book is by a man of genius in whom his own people will long be interested, and both the opinions and pictures in it are clear and vigorous. But there is more to it than that. It contains *passim*, and especially in the last chapter, "Working-

Tools," abundance of wisdom and mellow "criticism of life" and of life's image, which is literature. Most of the best authors of our time, and certainly the happiest ones, have been able to do what Kipling rejoices that he did—rigorously keep out of controversy and of all discussion of their work, to concentrate all they had in doing that work. I remember that his uncle Burne-Jones complained, after he had become famous, that he was pestered to open bazaars, write introductions, do anything except—the job he was meant to do, painting. Alike from the invitations of stupid admiration and those furnished by abuse (whether stupid or not) Kipling kept disentangled; and, while he was lucky in securing his public so quickly that he could afford to ignore even unfairness so gross that his ghost now seems to resent it still, he was also wise. He says so, and in a manner which impresses.

He had no high opinion of reviewing, and "would not to-day recommend any writer to concern himself overly with reviews." In this he was right; with the quickening of our antagonisms (political and other), patience, toleration, catholicity—in a word, civilization—have been disintegrating, and reviewing is only one of many things that have become worse since he wrote. The mischief is, that while the writer, if wise, will not "concern himself overly with reviews," the reviews are apt to concern themselves with him; he has to get past them to find his public. Kipling talks sound sense about reviews, and passes on to what is more important, his own methods of work. A good writer is generally his own best critic, and Kipling makes no mistake about what were his finest works, those in which his "Daemon" was with him. "When your Daemon is in charge, do not try to think consciously. Drift, wait, and obey." The Daemon took charge of *Kim*, the *Jungle Books*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Rewards and Fairies*; *Kim*, he joyously tells us, finished itself, by which he knew it was right (and his even wiser father agreed with him).

He tells us, too, that the Daemon (*and his father*) made him omit things lovely in themselves, but marring the book as art—for example, an evening picture, discarded with tears, of the Lama and Kim

sitting under the green light of a Himalayan glacier. Some time there must be coming another book, of such fragments as this, worth preservation as fragments, although out of place in the temple.

HOPKINS'S NOTE-BOOKS

By Edwin Muir

THE NOTE-BOOKS AND PAPERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS.

Edited with Notes and a Preface by Humphrey House. *Oxford University Press*. 25s.

This volume is a collection of what Hopkins once called "old note-books and beginnings of things, ever so many, which it seems to me might well have been done." Much of the material left by him seems to have been lost. The *Journal*, perhaps the most interesting item in this volume, is incomplete, Mr. House tells us in his preface, and it consists mainly of descriptions of nature, notes on birds and clouds—there must be scores of cloud descriptions. No trace is left of the spiritual diary which Hopkins kept at the same time; and without that our knowledge of his personal pre-occupations must be one-sided. The diaries contain very few observations on poets and poetry; the letters were no doubt a more suitable medium for that; but on the other hand there are innumerable notes which may have provided the raw material of his poetry, notes which catch the appearance and movement of natural things in the most astonishing way:

Moonlight hanging or dropping on tree-tops like blue cobweb. . . .

Also the upper sides of little grotted waves turned to the sky have soft pale-coloured cobwebs on them, the undersides green. . . .

Note that the beaded ear, dripping, powders or sows the smooth with dry silver drops. . . .

His skill in seizing these effects increases as the journals go on:

July 28.—First fine; then on the road a thunderstorm with hard rain, the thunder musical and like gongs and rolling in great floors of sound.

Noticed also the cornfields below us laid by the rain in curls like a lion's mane—very impressive.

This last note has a touch of mythical or heraldic imagination, such as we seldom find in the poetry. There is an extraordinary note on a fine March sunset, which is also unlike the others in possessing this quality.

Before I had always taken the sunset and the sun as quite out of gauge with each other, as indeed physically they are, for the eye after looking at the sun is blunted to everything else, and if you look at the rest of the sunset you must cover the sun, but to-day I inscaped them together and made the sun the true eye and ace of the whole, as it is. It was all active and tossing out light, and started as strongly forward from the field as a long stone or a boss in the knop of the chalice-stem: it is indeed by stalling it so that it falls into scape with the sky.

This primitive vision of the sun actively tossing out light is probably the most extraordinary thing in the book, and is quite different from the "rolling in great floors of sound," which is purely earthly. It gives the sense of seeing the universe, which we normally accept as a pattern of static forms, suddenly bursting into life and movement.

There are a number of new poems and poetical fragments, among them part of a poem on Pilate, which resembles "Margaret Clitheroe" in its vividness and its suggestion of Sadism:

I'll take in hand the blady stone
 And to my palm the point apply,
 And press it down, on either side a bone,
 With hope, with shut eyes, fixedly,
 Thus crucified as I did crucify.

The nightmarish atmosphere of this poem is intensified in a short and enigmatic but fine fragment written somewhat later :

The cold whip-adder unespied
 With waved passes there shall glide
 Too near thee, and thou must abide
 The ringèd blindworm hard beside.

At the same time he was making notes such as—

Stars like gold-tufts.
 — — golden bees
 — — golden rowels.
 Sky peak'd with tiny flames.
 Stars like tiny-spoked wheels of fire.

One cannot help feeling that there is a direct relation between that radiance and that darkness.

Apart from the Journals, perhaps the most striking composition in this volume is the fine dialogue "On the Origin of Beauty." This was written when Hopkins was an undergraduate at Oxford, apparently for the eye of Pater. It is an astonishingly mature and luminous piece of reasoning, in spite of a too-conscious imitation of Plato. Hopkins starts by defining beauty as a certain agreement tempered by a certain disagreement, and finds its ideal expression in rhyme, which consists at once in a similarity and dissimilarity of word-sounds. Applying this definition, he comes to the most illuminating conclusions on poetry and on what distinguishes it from prose. By all appearance this dialogue was never finished; but as it stands it would make an ideal text-book for teaching the appreciation of poetry.

The sermons are disappointing, for Hopkins does not seem to have been a good simplifier, and here he had to speak to a simple-minded audience. The result is that we feel very little of him in these addresses. On the other hand, the "Comments on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola," which were written for the satisfaction of his own eye and

conscience, are filled with the most close and sometimes curious thought, expressed in a style of great exactitude and eloquence. We may regret that Hopkins's most intimate diaries have been lost, but we must feel grateful to Mr. House for the admirable way in which he has presented his material, for an excellent preface, and the most helpful notes.

RIGHT PROPERTY

PROPERTY AND IMPROPERTY. By John A. Hobson. *Gollancz*. 4s. 6d.

In primitive society, property was got by labour. Its capture, by force or fraud, was the origin of "improperty." Increasing complexity of productive method has long since made this simple distinction impossible, just as tricks of trade have generated more subtle forms of "improperty." To-day the two are inseparably mixed, but until they can be distinguished, economic justice is frustrated. "Improperty" is improper because, being no expression of personal effort or satisfaction, it is put to luxurious and wasteful use. The result is unemployment, the bankruptcy of capitalism as a social and economic system, and the extra-national class consciousness shown in Europe to-day.

Such is Mr. Hobson's argument. The remedy? Some distinction between those economic processes which may rightly be socialized because they supply the common needs of consumers, and those better left to private enterprise because they supply individual needs: and the absorption of "improperty" partly into the one, partly into the other.

The basic philosophical problem, which Mr. Hobson neglects in this peculiarly unexciting book, is the interpenetration of economics and ethics, fatally divorced since the breakdown of the medieval synthesis. One feels that whilst there is enough material in this book to provide a good article in one of the *Quarterlies*, there is scarcely enough to justify a full-size book. The subtler implications are unexplored.

DAVID THOMSON

LENIN THE MAN

By Leonard Woolf

THE LETTERS OF LENIN. Translated and edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. *Chapman and Hall*. 15s.

At first sight this book is rather disappointing. It may be approached from two directions, for the light that it throws upon Lenin the man, and the light that it throws upon Lenin the world-shaker. One has to read a long way into it and with very alert senses before one begins to feel that one is learning much about either of the two Lenins. At the end persistence and perspicacity bring a certain reward, even if it be not a very large reward. One learns more about the human than the political Lenin from these letters. He was not an easy human being to deal with when he was alive and he is no easier now that he is a historical museum specimen. There is a strange mixture in him of opposites, of simplicity and complexity, of bleakness and ornateness, of sympathy and an iron rigidity. There is evidence here of great humanness and affection, but they are almost entirely confined to his near relations, particularly to his mother, to his sister, and in the very few letters to his wife.

It is in these letters, and in these alone, that we get the "personal" touches, his pleasure in hunting, in the first movement of spring, or in walking in the country round London; his consideration for his old mother; his irritation with the Germans and Czechs because they did not make the kind of nib he liked ("The Germans and Czechs are stupid people. There are no English nibs; only their 'own manufacture'—awful rubbish!"); his longing as an exiled Russian for the Volga. Even here there is a kind of bleakness about his humanity, and extraordinary economy of feeling and expression. No man ever thought, felt, or expressed himself with greater clearness and conciseness and economy than Lenin. Everything superfluous is ruled out everywhere and

among superfluous things is to be numbered the human imagination. In all these letters there is only one instance of an imaginative phrase, in a letter to his mother from Paris, in which he writes:

I believe Spring is early here this year. The other day I again went a bicycle ride into the forest. All the fruit trees in the gardens are in white blossom (as though milk had been poured over them), the perfume was wonderful. How delightful spring is! It is a pity I was alone. Nadya has caught cold and has lost her voice.

The letters throw less light on the politics of Lenin, partly because they have not been selected for that purpose. Too many of them are full of party polemics which are now happily dead and have lost all their interest. The real interest is to observe the extraordinary tenacity and clarity of Lenin's political mind. He was a man who never had the slightest doubt of his objective or of the right method to obtain it; in obtaining it his will was iron and completely ruthless. He was ruthless to those who opposed or differed from him, but though he frequently calls them swine, there is no sign of any personal enmity or little-mindedness. He is a doctrinaire Marxist, but his mind was far more open than that of any of the other Communist revolutionaries, except perhaps Trotsky. Take the following advice to Gorky as an example:

Your news that a Bolshevik, although a former Bolshevik, was treating you by a new method, has made me really very anxious. God preserve us from "comrade" doctors in general and Bolshevik doctors in particular! But seriously, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, "comrade" doctors are asses, as a brilliant doctor once told me. I assure you that one should be treated only by first-class foreign specialists (except in unimportant cases). It is terrible to allow a Bolshevik to try his experiments on you.

The last letter in the book, written at the end of 1922, when he had already had one haemorrhage of the brain, shows, perhaps more than any other in the book, to the careful observer the amazing intellectual qualities in Lenin's political genius.

There is one point with regard to the selection of letters which leaves one uneasy. It is a curious fact that there is not one letter of Lenin to Trotsky or of

Trotsky to Lenin, and there is no mention of Trotsky except in a very unfavourable sense. That Lenin was opposed to Trotsky at many periods of his life is of course well known, but that was not the case during the important years 1918 to 1922, and one cannot but regard with suspicion a selection of letters which leaves us with "What a swine Trotsky is" as the only record of their relationship and their work together.

THE YOUTH OF GERTRUDE BELL

By Janet Adam Smith

THE EARLIER LETTERS OF GERTRUDE BELL. Collected and Edited by Elsa Richmond. *Benn.* 15s.

Gertrude Bell was not one of the born letter-writers; she had not Dorothy Wordsworth's gift of making the trivial incidents of the day significant, nor Katherine Mansfield's power of revealing her own complexities of thought and feeling. Like most of us, she wrote good letters when she was describing something which interested her, and in four-fifths of the letters published by Lady Bell in 1927, she had the most exciting things to write home about—her adventures in the Alps, her journeys in Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, her work at the Arab Bureau in Cairo, her years as Oriental Secretary to the High Commissioner at Baghdad, her part in building up Iraq. In comparison, the letters in the present volume are disappointing. They go only as far as her first visit to the East in 1892; and any reader who meets Gertrude Bell for the first time in these pages would hardly guess that she became one of the most remarkable women of our time. It is a pity that Lady Richmond has not included those admirable letters describing climbs in the Oberland, Dauphiné, and Mont Blanc region, which have only been printed in *The Alpine Journal*: they would have stiffened the present collection, and given evidences of initiative and independence which are very scarce here.

Indeed, these early letters leave a strong impression of Gertrude Bell's uncritical acceptance of the code and behaviour of each group in which she found herself. From Queen's College, Harley Street, she wrote earnest, gushing, sometimes silly letters, like a hundred thousand other schoolgirls: "Mr. Gadsby,—my harmony master—was so frantic with me"; "I'm awfully proud of being first in History." At Lady Margaret Hall, she threw herself heart and soul into the usual college activities—the freshers' play, river picnics, debates ("there are only about three Lady Margarets who speak at all, and the Somervilles have a very poor opinion of us as it is!"), tennis ("I have just written the challenge to Cambridge!"). A few years later, in Persia, she found the cricket matches organized by the British colony great fun (unlike Mr. Grant Duff, who "said he hadn't played for thirteen years, and the ball hurt his hands"). In conversation, she was always ready to hold her own—"I must differ from your estimate of Charles I," she told S. R. Gardiner at her *viva*—but on more personal issues, she was very dependent on her parents' views, especially her father's. "I think you must begin to think what you are going to do with me this year," she wrote him four years after she had gone down from Oxford with a First.

But while her energies were not directed towards any particular objective, the life

she led was in many ways an excellent preparation for her later travels and responsibilities. The Bells were connected, by marriage and friendship, with many of the families which have played so large a part in running India, the Church, the Civil Service, the Diplomatic, and the public schools: Grosvenors, Cadogans, Stanleys, Ritchies, Talbots, Churchills, Lascelles, Russells, and Peases crowd the pages (it is a small shock to come across "Dr. Odling . . . a self-made man" in Teheran). At their houses Gertrude met people whose friendship was of great value to her in her later career—Sir Valentine Chirol, Lord Hardinge, Sir Eyre Crowe, Dr. Rosen, the German Consul at Jeru-

salem; and her interest in the East dated from a visit to her uncle, Sir Frank Lascelles, the British Minister at Teheran. But she made every use of her natural advantages. She arrived at Teheran with a thorough book-knowledge of the language, and in a week or so she was chattering Persian and making friends all round, from the Shah's family downwards, and planning a month's journey across Persia with her father. Thousands of girls have gone to stay with uncles in the East, taking nothing with them but their trousseau, and bringing home only the memory of a "good time." Gertrude Bell had every kind of luck, but no one was less dependent on luck alone.

CARSON IN THE WAR

By R. C. K. Ensor

THE LIFE OF LORD CARSON.

Vol. III. By Ian Colvin. *Gollancz*. 16s. This volume concludes the composite official *Life* of Lord Carson; and it will be agreed that he has been fortunate in his biographers. The first volume covered most of his forensic triumphs which were handled with rare brilliance by the late Edward Marjoribanks. The second, centring on the pre-War Ulster episode, was not less brilliantly treated by Mr. Ian Colvin, whose lively work illustrated all the advantages, besides some of the drawbacks, of entrusting such a task to an extreme partisan.

It is Mr. Colvin who here winds the undertaking up. He cannot avoid some degree of anti-climax; for Carson's war-time record, which is the bulk of his theme, was one that twice raised high expectations only to disappoint them. Entering a Cabinet for the first time in the 1915 Coalition under Asquith (a personal and professional friend, although a political enemy), he resigned at the end of five months in a singularly ineffective way, which was deprecated even by those of his colleagues who most agreed with him. Regaining strength in opposition,

he renewed his prestige to a degree which enabled him at the end of 1916 to take a prominent part with Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George in the overthrow of the Asquith Government. But this episode, which carried Mr. Lloyd George and Bonar Law to such heights, proved for Carson the stepping-stone to nothing very much. Seven months at the Admiralty and five in the War Cabinet simply served to show his lack of any outstanding executive qualities. The man who did what Carson missed doing was Milner.

Mr. Colvin scarcely faces the failure with sufficient frankness. Perhaps no official biographer could. For the rest, there are successive phases of the Irish question—Carson's agreement with Redmond in 1916, which Lansdowne and Long wrecked, and his post-War efforts, which helped to create the present Northern Ireland. Lastly, there were eight judicial years as a Law Lord, when Carson, a supreme advocate but not a jurist, was something of a square peg in a round hole. It is not very promising material; and Mr. Colvin is to be admired for having made of it so presentable a volume as this is.

NEW LITERATURE

PAST AND PRESENT

By V. M. L. Scott

THE PORCH. By Richard Church.
Dent. 7s. 6d.

To read Mr. Church's new novel is to enter a world so remote from the noisy pre-occupations of modern times that one is startled by the impact of its serenity. Here in the homely offices of the Custom House in Thames Street are collected a group of those extremely kind, extraordinarily innocent, mildly eccentric, gracefully intellectual gentlemen whom the Civil Service so successfully attracts to its ranks. Each combines a certain freakishness of conversation and demeanour with the high moral earnestness—carefully subdued—of Matthew Arnold and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Each has a somewhat recondite hobby—music transcription, or clock collecting—which serves to mitigate what Mr. Church admirably describes as "that minor form of melancholy, that slight invalidism which makes people dissatisfied with the quietness and sobriety of their lives."

This agreeable assembly is startled out of its composure by the arrival of a young man of eighteen, intensely romantic, youthfully self-absorbed. Even the Chief, a man to whom the devoted anonymity of the Civil Servant is a religion, is impressed by the poetic fervour of the youth. In Mouncer, a consumptive poet, John Quickshott finds a bosom friend. Quickshott's individualism comes into conflict with the discipline of officialdom; the young men encounter a sweet Madonna-like woman whom only a Civil Servant could surely have devised; there is much reading of *Epictetus*; much fruitful meditation under the plane-trees. Poverty is picturesque, and its difficulties easily overcome.

Mr. Church has skilfully captured the mellow atmosphere of a pre-War age. But the over-sweetness of his style and treatment make his young idealists seem more tiresomely priggish than their youth and talents can excuse.

THE BRITTLESNAPS. By Edward A. Hibbitt. *Duckworth. 7s. 6d.*

Mr. Hibbitt is a new and valuable recruit to the school of young writers who are giving imaginative expression to the conditions of working-class life. A sober and impartial historian, he permits himself bitterness only in the quotations from film and newspaper "blurb" which head and conclude his chapters—in his implicit condemnation of the two powerful drugs with which the poor console their leisure. His novel deals with the moral and material effects of unemployment on the Brittlesnap family, and the fortunes of three other groups of working people living in the same Lancashire town.

Mr. Brittlesnap is a member of the long-term unemployed; Herbert Brittlesnap loses his job, and with it his young woman; Harry Brittlesnap cannot marry Alice because his wages are needed at home; Mrs. Brittlesnap, harsh, devoted, over-driven mother of the family, at last loses her mind under the strain. Meantime, Mr. Upfast (clerk), sensitive and ambitious, despising carnal love, gets his Jane into trouble and is compelled to marry young. Mr. Peckswift, salesman of correspondence courses in salesmanship, acquires a wife for her money. Genteel and timid Mr. Onslow leaves lodgings and sets up a home. The old are tormented by fear of the future, the young by the consequences of love.

Vivid and touching in its straightforward simplicity, Mr. Hibbitt's story suffers a little from its concentration—almost inevitable at this stage in proletarian literature—on the grimmer aspects of working-class life. Human beings, however scourged by destiny, manage to maintain an astonishing diversity of mood. However, whilst want and insecurity condition so many lives, their effect on character is a vital theme for contemporary fiction.

THE FURIES IN MISSISSIPPI

By Graham Greene

ABSALOM, ABSALOM! By William Faulkner. *Chatto and Windus*. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Faulkner's reputation has suffered lately from the exaggerated claims his admirers made for him on the strength of the rather obvious technical experiments in his early novels, *Soldiers' Pay* and *The Sound and the Fury*. He isn't another Joyce, any more than he is another Stein, that bogey of the Sunday reviewer. Indeed in his historical novels he is rapidly matriculating into the Book Society. Horsemen riding at night, the clank of holsters, niggers shrieking in the dark, Southern gentlewomen and the scent of wistaria, family Honour and family Doom: his historical novels are full of quite charming, traditional, bogus romance: a little of Stevenson, of Meredith, of Shiel, even a little of Amanda M'Kittrick Ros in such passages as this:

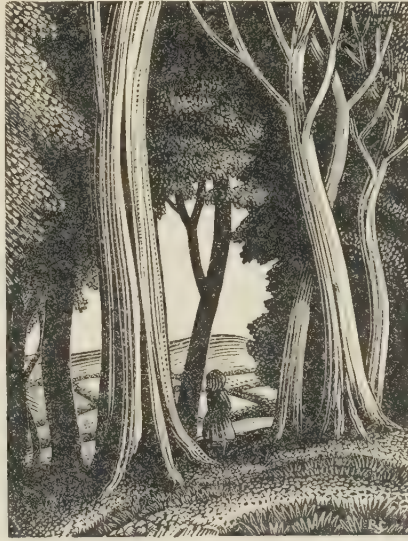
I . . . who even at nineteen must have known that living is one constant and perpetual instant when the arras-veil before what-is-to-be hangs docile and even glad to the lightest naked thrust if we had dared, were brave enough (not wise enough: no wisdom needed here) to make the rending gash. Or perhaps it is no lack of courage either: not cowardice which will not face that sickness somewhere at the prime foundation of this factual scheme from which the prisoner soul, miasmal-distillant, wroils ever upward sunward, tugs its tenuous prison arteries and veins and imprisoning in its turn that spark, that dream . . .

and so on to the sentence end ten lines later.

Let the devil's advocate have his way for awhile, explain how Mr. Faulkner's new novel belongs to the worst, the Sartoris, side of his achievement: the deep South and the picturesque Civil War costumes, the doom-ridden hero, "this Faustus, this demon, this Beelzebub," riding in from nowhere with a couple of

pistols, buying land from the Indians, hiring a French architect, working naked on the house with his niggers, marrying the most respectable girl in the town, overtaken by his Fate, his son murdering his daughter's betrothed to save her from incest and the taint of black blood, all culminating years later, in 1910, in a huge conflagration and the last survivor's death in the flames. That advocate will point out that the method of the novel, the story related by various people years later, the events falling into their order in the mind only on the last pages, has been far

more skilfully managed by Mr. Ford who knows how to give intrinsic value and character to the narrators—all Mr. Faulkner's narrators speak the same bastard poetic prose. And as for this prose the advocate will remark how often it falls into blank verse rhythms, how fond the author is of resounding abstractions so that sometimes we are reminded of Mr. MacDonald's cloudy oratory: ". . . turned upon his contemporary scene of folly and outrage and injustice the dead and consistent impassivity of a cold and inflexible disapproval." (In the first para-



Wood engraving by

REYNOLDS STONE

From *Ambush of Young Days*

by Alison Uttley (*Faber*. 7s. 6d.)

graph of the novel—a devil's advocate is always a bit of a pedant—there are forty-one adjectives in twenty-seven lines qualifying only fifteen nouns.) And the advocate will wind up his speech with the claim that Mr. Faulkner has not created a single character of recognizable humanity and that the intellectual content of his novel is almost nil. Strip away the fake poetry, and you have the plot of a "blood," while Mr. Faulkner disguises the complete absence of a theme with pseudo-tragic talk of doom and fate and the furies.

Alas! it is all true. Mr. Faulkner's is a talent quite easy to condemn, but there does remain over—Something: at the least a gift of vivid phrase heard too seldom through the Otranto thunder ("the ghost mused with shadowy docility as if it were the voice which he haunted where a more fortunate one would have had a house"; pigeons which "wheeled in short courses resembling soft fluid paint-smears on the soft summer sky");

at its best—not to be found here or in *Sartoris*—an individual blend of the romantic and the realistic which makes the gangster Pop-Eye in *Sanctuary* so memorable a figure, a sense of spiritual evil which away from the contemporary scene becomes unconvincing and stagey. And finally we should consider whether, if the romantic costume subject is to be treated at all (if Southern gentlefolk, horsemen at night and wistaria blossom, which do speak in certain moods like common songs to the imagination, deserve an occasional appearance), it can be treated in any other way. It can't be treated plainly, like Pop-Eye's rape on the corn-husks of the college girl, or the crazy antique planes in *Pylon*: the artificial subject has to be carried by an artificial manner, and even at its vaguest and most resounding Mr. Faulkner's style is welcome when we consider the alternatives: *Anthony Adverse* and *Gone With the Wind*.

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN

By Arnold Palmer

THE UNEXPECTED YEARS. By

Laurence Housman. *Cape*. 10s. 6d.

"It had always," Mr. Housman tells us, in explanation of the title of his autobiography, "been my intention to die at sixty-seven, which I had come to regard as my lucky number. But when I reached that age I had no definite reason for wishing to part from life." The gentle, whimsical confession gives the reader a good idea of the kind of pleasure in store for him; it also reveals part of what Mr. Shaw meant when he said to the author, "You've got all Barrie's qualities, but unfortunately you've got intellect as well." It does not prepare us—nothing about Mr. Housman prepares us—for the astonishing discovery that the Censor has found it necessary to ban thirty-two of his plays. Even when every allowance has been made for the author's habit of sympathizing with un-

popular causes and his preference for the Saints and the British Royal family as dramatic themes, it still remains a mystery that successive Court officials can have mistaken so blameless a gentleman for a sinister and subversive influence.

But if his beautiful manners provide the strongest impression left by his book, Mr. Housman is none the less a fighter. Without ever losing his head, his temper, or his smile, he has lent the full weight of his support to suffragists and pacifists. The theatre has tried him hard at times, as it tries all who go in by the stage door, and in some of his stories of rehearsal his smile grows a little strained. Yet in spite of having given his heart to the theatre and his voice to the causes of minorities, his book is notable for the steadiness and moderation of the life it

describes, and the unruffled tone of the narrator. Few men, he would have us believe, have achieved prominence with so little dust and heat.

Early days, as a member of a large family: artistic, literary, and dramatic production: political activities: travels and lecture tours: friendships: these are the divisions of the book in an approximate order of importance and merit. Youth and the theatrical adventures provide the happiest pages—for author, perhaps, as well as reader; intentionally or partly intentionally, the autobiography is weakest on human relationships. Even

about his brother, Alfred, Mr. Housman, though he tells us a good deal, might acceptably have told us much more. Many famous men and women inevitably force their way into the pages, but their stay is usually short. The briefness and (in the cases of Wilde and Whistler especially) the vividness of these glimpses make one wish at times that the author had written a different sort of book. But, at the end, one has met Mr. Housman, and grown to know him well; and that, very properly, was what he chiefly had in mind in shaping his companionable and charming volume.

A RARE VEIN

By Richard Church

THE GREAT AND THE GOODS. By

Ivor Brown. *Hamish Hamilton*. 7s. 6d. There is a plant said to grow in Sardinia, which used as a drug causes the face to twist into the semblance of a grin. Such is the nature of Voltaire's twisted visage, and our swarthy Hazlitt also has something of the same expression, the sardonic snarl. It is not common, especially in English letters, though it crops up in unexpected places, as, for instance, at times in the work of W. H. Hudson. It is difficult to define; it may be called a something added to satire, an intensification; satire with an access of bitterness.

Mr. Ivor Brown has this characteristic in his work. It is his means of attacking evil. While Chesterton attacked with a shout of joy, Belloc with bluster, Mr. Brown comes at the enemy head down in mastiff fashion, showing his back teeth.

That is the spirit of his new book. It is full of wit and even has touches of gaiety, but hardly for one paragraph does he relax from his relentless drive against humbug, specious virtue, and the fraud of office and graft-glossing. He begins with "Homage to a Great Man," one, Dr. Chirrup, a practitioner of uplift, who runs a college for training fourth-rate

characters in the way they should go. And that way is to the top of the tree, where the big prizes have been tied by the irresponsible hands of the gods. The Doctor's creed is that "genius is an infinite capacity for getting on," and he undertakes to train men and women, provided they sufficiently lack real ability and virtue, for all walks of life; politics, the Church, the profession of literature (as distinct from literature), business organization with the help of the bucket shops, beauty-parlour ramping, and poetry that pays. In this last activity, Mr. Brown has let himself go, his bite becoming louder than his bark. The advice to a modern poet contains some slashing attacks on modern fashions in verse, and also some examples of how to rig the measures so that they shall appeal to three editions' worth of the proletariat.

Two particularly lively chapters are those on "Affairs of State," giving the technique for becoming a cabinet minister; and "Loaves and Fishes," which details a method how to enter the Church of England with the assurance of obtaining a bishopric. As for the political career, Mr. Brown makes his doctor speak and work as though informed by first-hand

experience of the dunderheadedness of good committee men, and their gift for making capital out of their own stupidity, while sucking the brains of intelligent underlings who lack the gift of the gab. As he points out:

Indeed, a reputation for being a bit dense is the highest qualification for advancement in English politics, where the clever man will always dread being praised for his cleverness. The English voter entertains a bitter hatred and a deep suspicion for brains, which impels those who possess them to conceal the fact as well as they can. Those who have climbed highest in our commonweal have nearly always been sharp-witted fellows who either pretended to be honest fools or were able to cover their shrewdness with a flood of emotional oratory.

It will be seen that Mr. Brown makes no effort to cover *his* shrewdness.

BURMESE SCENE

BURMESE SILVER. By Edward Thompson. *Faber and Faber*. 7s. 6d.

Burmese Silver belongs to the same category as Montague's *Right Off the Map*, with a little more emphasis on character and a little less adventure.

Clive Powell, after twenty-five years in the I.C.S., learns that he has eighteen months to live, and, at the most, six months of fairly active life. He goes off to Burma to look for his old friend Gabriel Travers, who had been sacked from the I.C.S. twenty years before. Government authorities admit that somewhere inland Gabriel rules a toy kingdom quite effectively, but they seem to feel that he would be better without European visitors. The Rajah's kingdom is pinched between British and Chinese imperialism. American capitalists are anxious to exploit the silver mines, jade, and opium plantations, and conflicting interests are struggling for concessions. When Powell arrives, Gabriel's Eurasian daughter Perdita is civil to him, but Gabriel himself is unapproachable. He is busy with a Chinese Ambassador who demands submission. Before Gabriel and Powell meet, the Ambassador has

been rebuffed, and has been defeated in a small invasion. There is every likelihood of the kingdom being swallowed up by a Chinese army or a British mission. Powell saves his friend from humiliation and defeat by accepting, on behalf of the British, Gabriel's submission—on the private understanding that no official adviser will be sent for twenty years or so. Then Powell goes back; the last few pages show his sharp, hard vision of the world with which he has finished.

The main interest of the story is in the puzzle of Gabriel's character, and in Powell's need to make some reparation for failing him so many years before; but Burma and its scenery and people are something more than a background. The outlook of the Burmese, and of Gabriel's people, is sympathetically treated, and the treatment is the more effective because it is often indirect. Gussie, the Eurasian, reveals something of the history of the country through his continual reminiscences of Colonel Balfour, his "poor mother's" friend and protector ("We are a very old Scotch family," says Gussie); and the Scotch engineer MacKenzie is knowledgeable as well as kindly: ("You can consider the lilies all you like, and it'll no help you any. It was a young man that never married, and kenned naething of life that advised men and women that way. The world isna run on Y.M.C.A. lines"). The incidental characters are lively and amusing: there is Sergeant Harris, for example, who remembers the looting of the Summer Palace, and doesn't hold with praying for China. Perdita is left a mystery: her birth, her European education, her own spirit, and her love of her country, all making happiness impossible for her in the inevitable outer world which is closing in on the little kingdom. Perhaps it is a merit of the book that her story is not rounded off: real stories haven't any ending, and Mr. Thompson's novel, for all its improbabilities, is convincing and entertaining.

MICHAEL ROBERTS

PAUL GAUGUIN

By Peter Burra

THE LIFE OF PAUL GAUGUIN. By

Robert Burnett. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 15s.

Under the circumstances Mr. Burnett's handling of the history of Gauguin is without question the most useful we could have asked for. He tells the long, crowded story with evident care for accuracy, and with practically all the available details. Nothing can be considered superfluous with so enigmatic a figure as Gauguin, for any scrap fact may somehow some day contribute to a better understanding of him. It is only too tempting to abandon the details for the appeal of the general story, and few have resisted the temptation. Mr. Burnett, without exaggerating so unromantic an attitude, has only one principle in his interpretation of the facts—always to attempt in the first place to account for Gauguin's behaviour in the most ordinary terms of everyday human considerations. (He finds an acceptably plain reason for the journey to Brittany.) When such explanations fail—as, to be sure, they do often enough—it is permissible to look farther. Mr. Burnett does not himself search very far, but his book provides the first opportunity for making such speculations from the sure ground of facts.

There are few characters harder to understand than Gauguin, and few of whom one feels so certain that to understand everything, if only one could do so, would be to forgive everything. But there is no getting away from the fact that he really was an amazingly stupid person; and his stupidity was not just the unworldly carelessness of a visionary, nor the corollary of an uncompromising integrity (though he shows this clearly enough in separate incidents, such as his battles on behalf of the natives of Hiva-oa), but just a completely obtuse stupidity. In the most petty matters of opinion he showed an almost Teutonic blindness to the virtues of compromise. No one would seriously

argue to-day that his treatment of his wife was a piece of deliberately calculated sadism; and the only remaining evidence of what was once, apparently, a popular belief—that it was he who drove Van Gogh mad—is his own remark upon it. Incidentally his disclaimer, which Mr. Burnett gives at length, always reads to me remarkably like boasting; he was surely flattered and gratified in secret that he could ever have had such an influence upon anybody. It is impossible to deny that, all questions of sadism apart, Gauguin's handling of Van Gogh was extraordinarily tactless and undiscerning and was patently the occasion of the crisis in Van Gogh's life, without, of course, having any connection with the origin of his illness. (There exists, by the way, a rather moving letter from Gauguin to Emile Bernard on Van Gogh's death, which Mr. Burnett might have quoted.)

This episode, with every other of the kind in his life, combines to show what a hopeless bungler Gauguin was over personal contacts. Was it perhaps the recognition of this that prompted his "escapes"? Life among the natives, with all the advantages that the language-barrier confers, required no other personal contacts than the uncomplicated pleasures of free love. As soon as he was quite separated from his friends or enemies he was able to think of them generously and sympathetically. It is pathetic to watch him cheated right and left by everyone but De Monfreid, while he persists in finding some extenuating motive for them all. In closer contacts he remained, in spite of his art, a tragically frustrated person, and it was only natural if he followed the various familiar processes of compensation. As Strindberg wrote to him, "Your personality delights in the antipathy it arouses." Which made life very difficult for him, and the telling of it difficult for us.

THE SECOND CENTURY

By G. E. F. Chilver

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY, VOLUME XI—THE IMPERIAL PEACE, A.D. 70–192. Cambridge University Press. 35s.

When Commodus was murdered there could be no more postponement of the "military monarchy" which Vespasian's special task had been to avert: this volume covers the vital century of grace. Yet already in the Flavian age the armies were settling in permanent camps, the professionalism of their officers was growing, and the more civilized peoples were disappearing from their ranks. The writers here estimate variously the progress of these tendencies at any given moment, but none doubts that they hastened the breakdown of the peaceful domination of the bourgeois throughout the Empire. For this reason alone the chapter "Flavian Wars and Frontiers" deserved its sixty pages: as well Mr. Syme has made of it a prolegomenon to any study of Rome's foreign policy under the early Empire.

Among the narrative historians Professor Weber on Hadrian and the Antonines is invigorating: his Commodus, leading his lone revolution against the philosopher kings, is almost an Ikhnaton. On Nerva and Trajan the sources are intolerable, even for this period, and Mr. Longden is conservative: but his chapters are an admirable piece of scholarship, readable and important, especially on the fascinating subject of the *alimenta*.

The volume is important for its survey of the Roman world, each section written by an expert of European reputation. Some chapters are fully documented: on others the editors have been too severe. Statements about trade lose half their meaning when quantity and date are left vague, and when there is no indication of the type of evidence, literary, or archaeological, on which the judgment rests. Professor Albertini on Africa, Spain,

and Gaul has suffered exceptionally hardly: ten pages on the four provinces of Gaul was intolerable deprivation, if we were to have the luxury of sixteen on the admitted backwater in Crete and Cyrenaica. The volume might also have gained by a chapter on Italy; the northern part at least was interesting under the Flavians.

But that deficiency is largely compensated by Professor Last's two chapters, one summing up "Principate and Administration," the other, "Rome and the Empire," introducing the provincial survey. He uses a large mass of evidence, mainly epigraphical, to unravel points of detail, and then with masterly skill compels familiar topics like the careers of officials or municipal institutions to throw light on the meaning of the Empire as a whole. Yet some may still believe that the Roman *libertas* was not so greatly superior to other conceptions of freedom: and the growth since Mommsen's day of mankind's experience in seeing "a nation giving itself up to the guidance of an accepted hero" may not yet have gone far enough for us to understand through it the full meaning of Augustus' position. Moreover, even if the Senate was a serious representative of "educated public opinion," there still remained the problem of the uneducated classes; and the diversity of grievances voiced in risings of country populations (p. 477) does not disprove the existence of a single underlying cause of discontent. But these are the central problems of Roman imperial history, and they have not been treated in so stimulating a manner as Professor Last's for many years.

The volume is one of the best in its series; and the chapters on thought and art are worthy of it. The maps are unusually full, though contours or shading would have been helpful, and the name of Sirmium was an incredible omission from map 12.

POLITE ESSAYIST

POLITE ESSAYS. By Ezra Pound.
Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

Polite essays: *O tempora! O morons!* as Mr. Pound would probably have it. The book includes pieces dated from 1910 to 1935. During the intervening period Mr. Pound has occasionally changed his views. In 1914, for instance, he is finding Mr. Ford Madox Ford as a poet "significant and revolutionary because of his insistence upon clarity and precision, upon the prose tradition; in brief, upon efficient writing even in verse," and remarking: "Stendhal had said, and Flaubert, de Maupassant and Turgenev had proved, that 'prose was the higher art'—at least their prose." This is developed in a long essay "How to Read," 1927 or 1928; but in 1934 we get: "I should say no idea worth carrying in the mind from one year's end to another, and no story really good enough to make me at least want to tell it, but chafes at the flatness of prose, but suffers from inadequate statement, but leaves me feeling it is but half said, or said in abstraction, defined in terms so elastic that any god's ape can stretch its definition to meet his own squalor or to fit his own imbecility, until it be conjoined with music, or at least given rhythmic definition even though one do not arrive at defining its tonal articulation." (What does "rhythmic definition" mean? Prose poetry?)

I quote this passage both as an example of Mr. Pound's own prose and as a warning that his civilities have to be taken with a deal of salt. Is it fair to rake up old opinions, to compare the then and the now? Perfectly, since Mr. Pound chooses to reprint the then, and since the now betrays such a singular ineptitude of critical expression. And this is a book dealing with accuracy, integrity in criticism, and the word! The fact is that Mr. Pound is a hit-or-miss critic, i.e. completely unreliable. He makes sound observations on Joyce's *Ulysses* as a completion of Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. He

writes reasonably and in some critical detail on Binyon's translation of the *Inferno*. But on the next page he is flying off into his usual tedious impertinences about Milton "the donkey-eared Milton," "the abominable dogbiscuit of Milton's rhetoric," etc. There is good sense about Harold Monro and Mr. T. S. Eliot. And one has the impression everywhere that ultimately, even when he is being most pig-headed, he has a genuine critical sensibility. But it is so concealed by prejudice and long-nosery as to be seven times out of ten untraceable.

DILYS POWELL

HIDDEN CONSCIOUSNESS

THE THIRD MORALITY. By Gerald Heard. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

This intensely interesting book leaves me oscillating between enthusiastic agreement and scepticism. Most heartily I applaud Mr. Heard's contention that the race is faced with a great psychological and moral crisis; but doubts assail me, sometimes about his scientific data, sometimes about the validity of his inferences, sometimes about the precise meaning of his conclusions. Has he achieved a new and subtle apprehension withheld from my suspicious and pedestrian intelligence?

It is probably true that man, having passed through Anthropomorphism and Mechanomorphism, is now groping toward a new kind of culture, with a new and urgently needed morality. But Mr. Heard's tentative post-mechanomorphous theories, in some respects very significant, seem in others merely to revert to Anthropomorphism by a modern route. The mind, formerly dethroned, becomes now an absolute dictator. "Man," he says, "makes the universe." The Mechanists "made" a very bad universe, which was largely an expression of the individual's greed for power. We must "make" something better. But Mr. Heard's own summary of the post-mechanist tendencies in con-

temporary science is so easy and confident that the reader wonders whether the author himself has been trapped into some kind of wish-fulfilment. For instance, it may at least be seriously questioned whether indeterminacy in physics has anything like the revolutionary metaphysical significance that Mr. Heard so unhesitatingly claims for it.

"The universe-mind's thought and ours are one at base." And in the deep layers of a man's consciousness "telepathy clairvoyance and prevision seem to be proceeding. In other words, in these layers we seem to emerge into a comprehensive impersonal consciousness." Perhaps. But Mr. Heard uses this theory as the foundation of his "third morality," and surely a "perhaps" cannot safely fulfil such an important function. Moreover, even if it is true that in the subconscious we are all one, does this provide a more satisfactory sanction for conscious morality than the conventional ethical sanctions which Mr. Heard rejects? His reply would be that if individuality is an illusion, the logic of individualism is undermined.

Mechanomorphic culture is said to have led man astray because it concentrated on the external and ignored the inner life. Our failure has been a failure of character. Therefore, to solve our present world-problems, we must achieve, along with social change, a deep change of heart. This can be done only by a strict physical and spiritual discipline. We must learn to keep ourselves in training for service of the purpose of the race, namely the development of consciousness and the transcendence of the limitations of personal consciousness. True indeed, in some sense. For this end, Mr. Heard says, we must discipline, but not mortify, the body by such exercises as conscious control of breathing, of the blood-flow, of posture; and by meditation participate more fully in the hidden consciousness which is the source of all individual lives.

OLAF STAPLEDON

MODERN LYRICS

STRAIGHT OR CURLY? By Clifford Dymont. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

In the first of these forty poems Mr. Clifford Dymont is caught by a mood of imaginative catastrophe and sees the world as a Lilliputian place. Consequently he is ill-at-ease, in more mundane moods, among the London millions, all ready for "taxes and war's alarms" and ever moving as "a flux of furs and various ties." In disposition Mr. Dymont is inclined towards a romantic appreciation of Nature. He prefers the curly leaf to the straight line of civilization. But he knows that duty comes first to-day and that a poet must face, with scowl or smile, the hard bright world of the Kodak. The rowan and rose may flourish, but the bank clerk weeding his suburban garden must be accounted for, and the evening edition bought:

A newsboy cycles down the road,
Whistling jazz and carrying news
Of war, and films and suicides,
And diplomatic interviews.

Even at night, when minute sounds are in the fields and the city seems far away:

The wayfarer, standing in the enormous
meadow,
Sees the yellow square of the lamp
And knows the fox is not his brother.

Incidentally one may note the hidden imaginative use of the plain adjective "enormous," expressing the changed spacial sense which belongs to night. The mood of dispossession, however, is a check, and Mr. Dymont does not always reach that intensity which other nature poets—we may mention Mr. Andrew Young—have found.

Fortunately poets have still a few professional secrets left, despite the watchfulness of critics. Under an appearance of metaphysics emotion can indulge itself, the vague can appear precise, profound or gnomic; meaning dare assume many shapes. In the later sections, "Agony of God" and "Perplexities and Perturba-

tions," Mr. Dymont gambles more freely with his mind. But he is best when he allows a traditional sense of generations to deepen his mood, for wisdom is most attractive when young:

I heard men cry for food to eat;
But farmers burned the ripened wheat.

And on the shores men busily
Were throwing fish back in the sea.

With my own eyes I saw these things,
And sighed that fools should look like kings.

Here the folly of our economical system is transformed into pure vision that haunts the mind, for such is the way of real poetry.

AUSTIN CLARKE

LOGICAL AESTHETICS

ROGER FRY AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By Howard Hannay. *Allen and Unwin*. 6s. The seven essays in this volume, several of which appeared originally in *The London Mercury*, advocate a theory of art which shall take into equal consideration, as parts of a whole, all the various appeals that can be found in a work of art. It is a condemnation of the vice of excessively abstract thought in aesthetics, resulting in the misleading isolation of the different elements in aesthetic appeal and the exaggeration of the value of one among them.

In the first two essays this attitude is arrived at by a consideration of the writings of Roger Fry and Bernhard Berenson. Mr. Hannay finds in both their judgments of individual works of art very great justice and penetration, while their abstract theories are illogical in themselves, conflict with the actual criteria employed by them in their individual judgments, and lead to a type of art which reveals itself as their *reductio ad absurdum*. That abstract argument is in itself vicious or invalid, Mr. Hannay is too ready to assume, and in saying that Fry's theories have, historically, a "contemporary truth" (in their erroneous

rationalization of a genuine contemporary preference) he is denying on insufficient grounds the possibility that some such theory as Fry's, more logically worked out, might have universal validity.

In dealing with these two critics Mr. Hannay is on the whole sound and illuminating. He is in sympathy with their approach. He is conscious of the use the critic must constantly make of some such concept as "tactile values" or "plasticity," while he perfectly logically refuses to accept such a criterion as ultimate. But, as is natural in a sober, orderly, and on the whole destructive critic, Mr. Hannay's level of argument varies with the level of the thought and opinions he is examining, and in proportion as the theories of Fry and Berenson are more distinguished than those that Mr. Hannay puts into the mouth of the "general public," so the essays directed against those men are more distinguished than the more general essays that follow them. In these, indiscriminate and uniformly serious treatment of very different levels of thought considerably lessens the force of Mr. Hannay's good sense.

ARMIDE OPPÉ

A CHINESE MAGISTRATE

THE FLIGHT OF AN EMPRESS. By

Wu Yung. Translated by Ida Pruitt.

Faber. 8s. 6d.

Wu Yung was a district magistrate near Peking at the time of the Boxer rebellion. A member of the cultured and scholarly administrative class, he was strongly opposed to the fetish-cults and the turbulence of the Boxer movement. This book is an account of that movement, of Wu Yung's trials and dangers, and of his later history when as a loyal civil servant he assisted the Royal Family during its tribulations in the wilderness.

It is a book by an artist. Indeed it has many of the characteristics of the Chinese fine arts, their economy of statement and the superb precision with which each

calligraphic or pictorial detail is executed. The narrative is restrained, simple, objective. In each paragraph there will be no more than one, or two, metaphors. Sometimes the writing is like one of Arthur Waley's translations turned into prose.

It was especially delightful when the weather was good. The sun was shining and the wind was soft. It was not dusty. Banners flew in the air. Everyone was silent. The only sounds were the steps of the horses and the grinding of the wheels of the carts in the sand. A city of silk stretched for miles along the river bank and the accoutrements of a thousand soldiers flashed like fire. It was like ten thousand peach-trees in full bloom in the spring-time.

The character-drawing in his description of the Imperial Court has all that telling simplicity. The Dowager Empress stands out from his tale, like a sort of Chinese Victoria. You feel that she was passionate, strong-willed, volcanic. The touches are always deft and there are never too many. The translation is worthy of its subject.

RONALD LEWIN

MALLARMÉ IN ENGLISH

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ. Poems.

Translated by Roger Fry, with commentaries by Charles Mauron. *Chatto and Windus*. 7s. 6d.

Mallarmé's poetry, with the possible exception of Lycophron's (and the *Alexandra* is not at all unlike *Hérodias*), may pass for the most stylized and recondite verse, of classic standing, in existence. Callimachus' hymns, even the more lyrical of Statius' *Silvae*, are lucid, the involutions of a Hopkins or a Doughty a rustic morris by comparison. It is almost suicide to attempt to render precision so glacial, so abstruse, into English at all. The late Roger Fry was hardly the hero for this Everest. His enthusiasm for French art, at all times sincere, served him well enough in his monograph on Cézanne,

and elsewhere; here he has merely tried to render line for line, in extremely commonplace, fluid, practically rhymeless measures, a body of work always menacingly crisp and compact. Even where the result is accurate, not a shadow of real similarity or individual treatment! But *distinction* is imperative. The poet did not only write fashion articles but has left it on record, in his intimate letter to Verlaine, that he once entertained the secret desire of replacing Béranger one day, a confession that speaks volumes to an attentive hearer of his "malign Syrinx."

Consulting the catalogue to discover how this Gallic professor of our tongue had already been served by perfidious Albion, I came on Mr. Arthur Ellis's translation of 1927 (fifty-two poems as against Roger Fry's thirty-two). Here at least there is a consciousness of the duty, song is somehow moulded out of *chanson*, sonnet out of *sonnet*, and a uniform manner, playful in the lighter pieces, kept up. Mallarmé wrote *Que ne recueille pas de cinéraire amphore*; "That are not gathered up in the funeral urn" (Fry), were it accurate, the force of *de* being missed, gets nowhere; "To ashes that enurns no cinerary pyx" (Ellis) does, to some extent, realize the Propertian splendour. *Dont pour te figurer il tomberait des roses* is represented by "Wherefrom fall wreaths of roses most like thee," though the wreaths are Mr. Ellis's; but what language, pray, is "Whence, to figure yourself, roses should pour"?

I should be less unhappy had Roger Fry translated what was before him; but a construction like "And lets . . . The yellow sun creep of a long-drawn-out ray" (*d'un long rayon*) makes me stare and gasp. And what of "Pitiless sexton of sterility" for *Fossoyeur sans pitié pour la stérilité*, "I treated with scorn the tears' lucid horror" for *J'ai méprisé l'horreur lucide d'une larme*, "Both grudging silence and oppressive night" for *Et l'avare silence et la massive nuit*, and "turned . . . from" for the exquisite *abdiquai* of the *Petit Air* (l. 4)? To be as insensitive as this to a

poet's vocabulary is almost not to be an artist.

M. Maumon's introduction and commentary, like Fry's early introduction (printed at the end), are better reading than the translation. They give a good conspectus of the typical Mallarmist attitude, and they steer clear of sex.

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE. By Edward Shanks. English Men of Letters Series. Macmillan. 6s.

There have been few writers whose personality has attracted so many myths as Poe's, or whose reputation has undergone so many changes. Few critics nowadays would conform to the American legend originally propagated by Griswold ("Ce pédagogue-vampire!" as Baudelaire exclaimed, and who "might not have liked Poe so much if he had not disliked all Griswolds more"); but neither does Mr. Shanks entirely accept Poe, the man, as the *poète maudit* the Symbolists so rapturously acclaimed him. Poe, that combination of a hack-writer and an amazing imaginative genius, involved in a vicious circle of humiliating poverty, drink and drugs, emerges as a pathetic figure—in a neat shabby suit—ashamed of his weakness and longing for security and respectability, loudly parading a learning he did not possess, and (for he never doubted his creative powers) craving to own his own paper and to become a leader of intellectual life in America—and making, actually, more effort to realize his ideals than is usually accredited him.

The tragedy of Poe's life, says Mr. Shanks, arose not only from his character (or, yet, from his lack of success, for in his lifetime he acquired a considerable "popular" reputation), but also from circumstance; for owing to the surfeit of pirated work from England, the American who was only a writer could hardly make a living. Given decent pay for his work, Poe might have acquired

that self-respect and assurance, the lack of which led him to drink; he might have developed less as the "Tomahawk Man" who made so many literary enemies, and more as the poetic genius that, in spite of his technical innovations, he never quite became. Not that Mr. Shanks under-rates either Poe's better poems, or the prose masterpieces, but he considers that, for us, his value lies in the quality of his vision rather than in his achievement—Poe has become a symbol, the "perhaps inspired prophet of a great spiritual movement in the half-century that followed his death." This being so, one wishes that Mr. Shanks could have dealt more fully with Poe's influence on the Symbolists, but no doubt the exigencies of space deterred him. He is certainly to be congratulated upon having presented so much well-considered information with such conciseness, and in so lucid and agreeable a manner.

A. C. BOYD

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JONATHAN SWIFT

THE MIND AND ART OF JONATHAN SWIFT. By Ricardo Quintana. *Oxford University Press*. 16s.

At the opening of his paper on Swift, Thackeray explained that he proposed to interest himself less in his hero's books than in the man and his life. That is the picturesque approach. Mr. Quintana has taken a different course. As his title shows, his business is with the books and only incidentally with the man—with the pamphleteer, satirist, and poet rather than with the Swift of the *Journal and Letters*. He does not, of course, ignore the other side. He could not afford to. For example, he quotes, to challenge, Thackeray's description of Swift's embittering servitude in the employment of Temple, and asserts that Swift's feelings towards Temple—at any rate in the later years—were those of respect and even of admiration.

The point is of importance because Swift was thirty-one when Temple died and the years at Moor Park were vitally formative. On this issue the weight of the evidence favours Mr. Quintana, and, indeed, it is a feature of a book which in general handles rather heavily its engrossing subject, that its broad conclusions are sane and just. Swift's mind, in spite of its power, was without originality. (Mr. Quintana is at pains to press this point home.) In none of the activities in which he exercised his genius did he contribute anything to the thought of his age. Even of Gulliver Mr. Quintana remarks that as statement the book is "altogether in excess of its intellectual content." Swift based himself on order and "nature" and "reason" and the common sense of the mass.

Hence his hatred of dissent and "enthusiasm" and his scorn of speculative, and therefore probably subversive, inquiry. Hence his recoil from the passions, and hence, too, or rather in association with this attitude, his obsession with the animal side of humanity. The astonishing force of his writing and the concentration

of his attack have in fact their source in large part in his apprehensions. Fear walks behind his indignation.

Mr. Quintana takes us in considerable detail through his author's writings. His pen lacks ease and his critical faculty lacks sensitiveness, but he is deeply versed in his subject.

F. A. BARRETT

CHINESE JADE

CHINESE JADE THROUGHOUT THE AGES. By Stanley Charles Nott. *Batsford*, £2 2s.

The author of this work has aimed at collating the available factual, legendary and archaeological information about Jade. Since his range is from pre-history to modern times, his book is in theory the most comprehensive that has been attempted by any writer on a subject of which we know all too little. The main sources from which Mr. Nott draws in discussing the earlier jades are the works of Dr. Laufer and Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, while for later objects he is able to speak from personal experience since he has handled and studied numberless carvings in jade and other hardstones. It was rash of him, however, to try and define the characteristics of early Ming, middle Ming, and late Ming objects; we should much like to hear more about the rare productions of the "Monastic workshops" alluded to as existing in that epoch.

The book is beautifully produced; its colour plates are deserving of special mention. All but six of them are of the Ch'ing period and are for the most part in the varying shades of green beloved by foreigners and Chinamen alike. On Plate XXXIV a slender T'ang goblet is set down as Sung and in the bibliography one of Dr. Gieseler's publications is attributed to Dr. Laufer. The rather pretentious footnotes lend an air of erudition to the compilation which is not warranted by reference to the text of the book.

THE TEXT OF MACBETH

MACBETH: A New Interpretation of the Text of Shakespeare's Play. By W. D. Sargeaunt. *Heath Cranton*. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Sargeaunt believes himself "able to show conclusively that the present-day editor of Macbeth, supposing himself to find in the eighteenth-century editions of the play a just interpretation of the pointing of the folio of 1623, accepts without knowing it many emendations which are really corruptions of the original text."

Present-day editors, it is to be hoped, would base their texts on the folio, unbiased by Rowe or Pope; and would probably reject as corrupt several passages, e.g. the Hecate scenes, which Mr. Sargeaunt swallows without so much as a face. Yet this ignorance of modern critical methods and achievements might be forgiven him but for two more damning faults: he is no judge of whether the errors he would deduce are graphically or typographically possible; and the deductions themselves are faked.

It is this last that robs the book of all value save as an Awful Warning. Mr. Sargeaunt is wilfully unwilling to take anything at its face value. He follows the mental processes of each character and adapts their spoken words to the thoughts they *must* be thinking—a proceeding that is highly productive of "restorations." Even stage directions have inner meanings. ENTER THREE WITCHES is "proof of neglect in Duncan's government." The unlawful art of witchery has not been suppressed in Scotland; therefore Duncan is a bad king.

The same ingenuity sees in Banquo's talk of the martlets a "cryptographic" warning to Duncan—"martlets know which houses are good for them; you apparently don't"—and misses the ironic contrast between these birds of peace, which actually preside over Duncan's entrance under Lady Macbeth's battlements, and her vision of the Raven forty lines earlier.

RICHARD DAVID

Devils on horseback

As you probably know, devils on horseback is the name given to a dish of crisp bacon on oysters.

The devil lays many wordy traps for the memory. Did you know, for instance, that a devil's dozen is thirteen? That a dragonfly is called a devil's needle? That a puffball is referred to as a devil's snuff-box? And the four of clubs is known in certain circles as the devil's bedposts? The same circles, probably, also refer to devil's bones when meaning dice (though this is also the name given to the wild yam, *Dioscorea paniculata*). And (it sounds appropriate) devil's-bite is a name given to the false hellebore.

There are many uses of this word, familiar and unfamiliar. They are all to be found in Webster's New International Dictionary, described by Philip Guedalla as "... a perfect tool and a fascinating toy."

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GERMANY—THE OLD RÉGIME

THROUGH TWO DECADES. By

Theodor Wolff. *Heinemann*. 15s.

Dr. Wolff, the Jewish editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* from 1906 to 1933, met most of the larger political figures active in Germany during the period dominated by the World War, its eve, and its aftermath. This period is in a certain sense complete in itself. It now lies definitely behind us. Yet there are difficulties in the way of seeing it as a whole, so crowded is it with contradictory events, personalities, and passions. Moreover, in Germany as elsewhere, not only the political but also the social scene was utterly transformed during the quarter century that elapsed between the late era of constitutions, monarchical or republican, and the modern era of dictators.

Dr. Wolff was never a professional historian, though he has written two previous monographs on the German years before the war. But he is a cultured and penetrating observer, as well as a fastidious stylist of a type now rare in his former profession. He was intimate with and trusted by such men as Prince Bülow, the last representative in Germany of the old school of diplomats, Bethmann-Hollweg the unlucky war-chancellor, Albert Ballin of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, also a Jew, and certain of the leaders of the Weimar Republic. He has now written lucidly, moderately, and reasonably of what these men and others, Ludendorff and William II, said and did during the fateful years.

The setting for these reminiscences is a cosmopolitan gathering of intellectuals in a Riviera garden. European humanism may be dying or dead. But the matter and manner of these pages, composed by a Jewish exile from a European country, the keen and frank comments, the evidence of garnered wisdom and restrained sensibility, the urbane but often, in the classical sense, tragic irony, at least recall worthily the long tradition

that began under the branches of an Athenian plane-tree.

JAMES CLEUGH

PROFESSOR BOAS

FROM RICHARDSON TO PINERO.

Some Innovators and Idealists. By

Frederick S. Boas. *Murray*. 8s. 6d.

Most of these studies in their original form were lectures. What unity the collection possesses derives less from its emphasis on qualities common to Wordsworth and Keats, the Brownings, Arnold, and Thackeray than from the lecturer's own innate sense of the past. His pleasure in the finish, the fine edge of Pinero's lapidary art is not lessened because that dramatist's naturalism has been outmoded. Shrewdly as he analyses the plays in the light of the infallible present, the important things for him are the vision and the courage which Pinero exhibited in the circumstances of his time.

He adds an interesting parallel between the Victorian's career and that of Ben Jonson, who also saw life mainly from the satiric side and after a period of mature and brilliant achievement lost touch with the play-going public of his day. The same instructive sense of a writer's true originality illuminates the charmingly sympathetic essay on Richardson's new use of the epistolary method for the display of minute sentimental analysis, and a sturdy faith in the continuity of letters leads the critic to the discovery that a number of present-day novelists are returning in some respects to the Richardsonian tradition. Professor Boas is especially happy in calling in the early poems and dramas of Mrs. Browning to reanimate the reputation that fell so swiftly from the peak reached with the publication of *Aurora Leigh*. He is more open to the charge of special pleading when, explaining Browning's rejection of "an external machine of incidents," he gives him credit for anticipating a leading trend of twentieth-century drama.

A. V. COOKMAN

OTHER BOOKS: SELECTED LIST

The books in this list, in addition to those which have been reviewed in the preceding pages, have been chosen after careful scrutiny from a much larger number of current publications.

FICTION

I WOULD BE PRIVATE. By Rose Macaulay.

Collins. 7s. 6d.

Faithful to her self-appointed task, Miss Macaulay continues to transfix the weaknesses of her fellow men and women. Her new target is the world-wide obsession with quintuplets—rather an easy target, perhaps, but one surprisingly free of the arrows of rival novelists. At first, her bow hums merrily. As in her other books, it loses resilience later, and her arm grows a little weary; but right up to the end she is capable of scoring bulls. Her powers of observation are superior to her powers of composition. Actually, the story lacks form; but its many shrewd and witty passages provide excellent entertainment. Like those stage productions which are too irresponsible for operetta and too coherent for revue, her book dodges classification and asks only to be enjoyed.

WOOD NYMPH. By Eden Phillpotts.

Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Blore Forest is timeless and its simple woodlanders live quietly, traditionally, though they are not unaware of such matters as modern divorce. Minna, the little heroine, is quite real though she lives in a fairy-tale world of her own. She runs away from her stepmother, is happily adopted, and when she is "wife-old" marries the man she loves. The forest leaves rustle throughout this pleasant idyll.

JUAN IN CHINA. By Eric Linklater. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

The century is the twentieth and the scenes are Eastern; but Juan has not changed. Mr. Linklater's work is characterized by a superlative gusto; riotous adventures are described in a style at once varied and voluble. For Mr. Linklater is not content to tell a plain tale about Sino-Japanese skirmishing in Shanghai; he must elaborately garnish it, to its great advantage, with a most admirable disorder of similes, metaphors, epigrams, often pithily apt, often so outrageously forced that their very incongruity is amusing. A light-hearted, most enjoyable extravaganza.

THE NINE DAYS' WONDER. By Gwyn Jones. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Gwyn Jones has made a brilliant recon-

struction of the character and circumstance which constitutes the "human interest" behind a sordid crime. Two step-brothers, one a poetic wastrel, the other a successful business man by day and a gangster by night, become involved with a generous, comforting, and rather discriminating prostitute who is found murdered near the end of the book. Paul's night raids, the streets and gaieties of Manchester, the murder and the trial, are described with tremendous power and gusto. This is the tough guy story magnificently done.

SAHA THE CAT. By Colette. *Werner Laurie.* 7s. 6d.

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Many good satirists have had cause to bless the penguins. Mr. Čapek, who once looked to Anatole France, now seems to be drawing upon his own previous successes—*The Insect Play*, *The Absolute at Large*, and so on. His humour, his shrewdness, his keen intelligence can still delight us. But beautifully as he scores his points, haven't most of them been credited to him already?

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WAR ON SATURDAY WEEK. By Ruth Adam. *Chapman and Hall*. 7s. 6d.

A first novel, half of which leaves the reader impatient for the next. For the first part, the wartime childhood of a suburban parson's family is excellent; in the second part, which concerns post-war youth and the coming of the next war, Miss Adam has the moral of the work, but in order to point it she makes use of the usual stock-in-trade of the young novelist, and the children whose characters had been so distinct and natural become commonplace puppets to pose social problems.

DINOSAUR TRACKS. By Benedict Thielen. *Secker and Warburg*. 7s. 6d.

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Mr. Swingler depicts life in a big country house just before the war, contrasting the decayed gentry with the virile, but oppressed, village folk, and quietly foreshadowing the revolution for which the hero becomes (unwittingly) a martyr. Mr. Swingler's beautiful and sensitive prose, his power of evoking the scents and sounds of the countryside, and his delicate handling of adolescents must not blind us to the fact that his first novel is badly constructed and often somewhat ingenuous; there are, however, many indications that Mr. Swingler could penetrate more deeply into human motives than, generally speaking, he has done here, and one looks forward to his next book with considerable interest.

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J FOR JUPITER. By Timothy Fuller. *Collins for the Crime Club*. 7s. 6d.

A spirited and continuously engaging tale of the abrupt removal of a Harvard professor, with a well-concealed motive for the murder, apart from his own lectures on the Principles of Art. It appears that this is the first contemporary detective story to be serialized by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and our distinguished contemporary is to be congratulated on the occasion of its unbending. The background of

undergraduate life is light-hearted and credible, and the police and reporters sound their right notes in the *post mortem* confusion.

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THE WYNNE DIARIES, 1794-1798. Edited by Anne Fremantle. *Oxford University Press*. 10s. 6d.

Readers of Miss Betsy Wynne's earlier diary—it is Betsy, not Eugenia one remembers—will turn to this second volume eagerly. When it begins the Wynnes are still driven from place to place on the Continent by "Papa's absurd fears" of the "cursed French," until they take refuge on board the *Inconstant*, commanded by Captain Fremantle. Betsy shortly marries Captain Fremantle, under the aegis of Lady Hamilton at Naples, and sails with her husband who is told off to evacuate Corsica. It is an incredible, comic opera situation. "Took a prize in the morning, a ship under American colours," writes young Mrs. Fremantle—"Dined in the gun-room where I am always ready to fall asleep"—"Anchored with the advance squadron. Admiral Nelson came aboard." And "The Admiral . . . most unfortunately lost his arm." Historic event from this viewpoint has its queer vivacity.

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AUGUSTUS CAESAR. By Bernard M. Allen. *Macmillan*. 8s. 6d.

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THIS SHINING WOMAN: Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. By George R. Preedy. *Collins*. 12s. 6d.

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SHAKESPEARE AND THE POSTHORSES.

By J. Crofts. University of Bristol Studies No. 5. Arrowsmith. 10s. 6d.

Dr. Hotson's example has inspired these 231 pages of theorizing. Research into the Elizabethan post-horse system is welcome, reconstitution of *The Merry Wives* by its light mere pneumocephalitis. One might as reasonably evolve an elaborate F.O. minute on the mural defences of Cyprus from the six-line scene in which Othello proposes to walk on the works. Essex—*quousque tandem?*—must of course be lugged in, and matters proceed gaily to a typographical reconstitution of Shakespeare's MS. The manner and scope of the opusculum is best suggested by seven words on p. 28: "The red herring was now ripening apace." O professors of English! O Bristol!

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY AND HER

TIMES. By Elizabeth Atkins. University of Chicago Press; and Cambridge University Press. 13s. 6d.

The author's sympathy for Millay's work and personality sometimes leads her to make extravagant claims for "America's most popular and representative poet," but her study of Millay against a background of changing literary fashions in America is illuminating. Millay is, also, represented as a traditionalist who draws upon the great writers of the past, yet is egotist enough to preserve her own personality (for her impetus is mainly sensuous), but Miss Ashley's method of tracing innumer-

able lines of Millay's back to their (supposed) sources defeats its own ends, and one is apt to lose sight of this surely minor poet amid so much comparison and allusion.

INSIDE OUT: An Introduction to Autobiography. By E. Stuart Bates. Volume Two. Blackwell. 21s.

A continuation of an entertaining if deliberately incomplete and haphazard survey or comparative study of autobiographies, with special attention to their treatment of Art, Religion, the Professions, Country Life, Sex, Scholarship, and failure. Mr. Bates summarizes, quotes, comments. His subjects are of many nationalities, but mainly modern. His judgments are sometimes odd, sometimes harsh, almost always interesting. An admirable bed-book.

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AMBUSH OF YOUNG DAYS. By Alison Uttley. Faber. 7s. 6d.

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MAN TRACKS. By Ion L. Idriess. Cape. 7s. 6d.

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THE SILVER WORLD. By Aegidius Jahn. *Allen and Unwin*. 12s. 6d.

Although Dr. Jahn's writing bristles with the most abhorrent jargon, his thought cannot be disregarded. He rejects pure logic and *a priori* reasoning as yielding only negative results, finds the "ultimate" problems of metaphysics unknowable, and allows philosophy as its sphere only the positive criticism of scientific knowledge. Though this will never attain the "ultimate," no other form of speculation will approach it. His *weltanschauung* he calls agnostic empirico-criticism, and, unable to believe in the Golden World of the Absolute, or of the personal Life after Death, he hopes for a Silver World of progress towards truth.

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SOCIOLOGY

METROPOLITAN MAN. By Robert Sinclair. *Allen and Unwin*. 10s. 6d.

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RAW MATERIALS OR WAR MATERIALS? By Alfred Plummer. *Gollancz*. 3s. 6d.

By far the best short study of the subject so far published. The author first goes through, in significant detail only, the vital economics of the distribution of the most important raw materials, pointing out how the so-called dissatisfied powers have often cut themselves off from foreign supplies of raw materials in pursuit of a policy of self-sufficiency. He then shows how this policy is inseparably connected with the preparation for possible war: for it is in times of war that the *political* control of materials is of decisive importance.

SAVAGE CIVILISATION. By Tom Harrisson. *Gollancz*. 16s.

The author, now aged twenty-five, visiting Melanesia in 1933 with an anthropological expedition, stayed behind to live among the natives as one of themselves. His book is part-history (the appalling record of white and native contacts and conflicts), part-anthropology, part-autobiography, and fascinating in each kind. It is fiercely pro-native, and supremely (if now and then a little self-consciously) alive with all the vitality of indignant youth.

I WAS A SOVIET WORKER. By Andrew Smith. *Hale*. 12s. 6d.

Andrew Smith, American Communist, visited Soviet Russia in 1929 and saw a Vision of Heaven. Going there to live in 1932, he found a Vision of Hell—bureaucracy, graft, favouritism, prostitution, forced labour, starvation, incompetence, dishonesty, to a degree exceeding the most prejudiced of other recent accounts. Its very extremeness, first on one side, then on the other, makes it suspect, and the author's self-admiration is not reassuring, but if credited would at least help to explain the recent Moscow trials.



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FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THIS month will see the publication, so long postponed, of Mrs. Virginia Woolf's novel *The Years*. In it the last fifty years are shown as they pass by the separate but interrelated lives of a number of individuals. It will be published by the Hogarth Press.

Messrs. Collins announce for this month *Letters to a Friend*, a volume of letters written to a friend in South Africa by Miss Winifred Holtby from 1920, when she was at Oxford, to 1926, when she had been working in London for some years.

Sir John Squire's *The Honeysuckle and the Bee* has been postponed by Messrs. Heinemann till March 30th. *Present Indicative*, Mr. Noel Coward's autobiography, is expected from the same publishers on March 4th.

Messrs. Dent are issuing this month in one volume *Conrad's Prefaces to his Works*, the prefaces written for the separate volumes of *The Uniform Edition*. They will be introduced by a critical monograph by Mr. Edward Garnett.

Sir Herbert Grierson's *Milton and Wordsworth* will be published this month by the Cambridge University Press.

Ornament of Honour, a long meditative elegy addressed to T. E. Lawrence, and written just after his death by E. R. H. Altounyan, who had known him since 1911, will be published this month by the Cambridge University Press.

The ban on *Victoria Regina* having been lifted, Mr. Laurence Housman has added twelve new plays to the series. They will be published this month by Messrs. Jonathan Cape with the title *Palace Scenes*.

The Amberley Papers edited by Bertrand and Patricia Russell, being the letters and diaries of Lord Russell's parents, Lord and Lady Amberley, will be published this month in two volumes by the Hogarth Press.

Early this month Shane Leslie's *Men Were Different*, biographical studies of Augustus Hare, Arthur Dunn, George Wyndham, Randolph Churchill, and Wilfrid Blunt, will be published by Messrs. Michael Joseph.

Messrs. Harrap announce *The Romantic Age*, by Professor R. B. Mowatt, a study of Europe in the nineteenth century.

Marshal Emilio De Bono's story of the war in Abyssinia *Anno XIII* has been translated by Bernard Miall and will be published probably this month by the Cresset Press.

Spaniard's Way, a study of Spain by Vittorio Rossi, translated by James Cleugh, will be published by Messrs. Herbert Joseph.

Mr. Robert Byron's *The Road to Oxiana*, which will be published at the end of this month by Messrs. Macmillan, is the story of his travels in Afghan Turkistan.

Three books on London will appear this month, *London* by Steen Eiler Rasmussen, on March 5th from Messrs. Jonathan Cape, *The London Encyclopaedia* by William Kent, from Messrs. Dent, and *Legendary London* by Lewis Spence, from Messrs. Robert Hale.

Miss Margaret Leigh, author of *Highland Homespun*, is publishing *Harvest of the Moor* this month with Messrs. Bell.

Capital and Employment by R. C. Hawtrey will be published by Messrs. Longman, and *The Empire and World Reconstruction* by B. K. Long, H. V. Hodson, and Sir Arthur Willett will be published by the Oxford University Press.

Nikolaus Pevsner's *Enquiry into Industrial Art in England* will be published by the Cambridge University Press this month.

Londonderry House and its Pictures by H. Montgomery Hyde is expected this month by the Cresset Press.

Messrs. Harrap announce Alfred Cortot's *Studies in Musical Interpretation*, set down by Jeane Thieffry and translated by Robert Jaques.

On March 22nd Messrs. Cassell will publish a new novel, *Maiden Castle* by John Cowper Powys. A new novel of the sea, *Pipe All Hands* by H. M. Tomlinson, is expected on March 30th from Messrs. Heinemann, who will also publish on March 22nd *Theatre* by W. Somerset Maugham. Messrs. Macmillan announce for this month *Ninepenny Flute* by A. E. Coppard, a collection of short stories of which the title story was first published in *THE LONDON MERCURY*. *Coronation Summer* by Mrs. Angela Thirkell will be published this month by the Oxford University Press. *Very Heaven* by Richard Aldington will be published by Messrs. Heinemann on March 8th. *A Trojan Ending* by Laura Riding will be published by Constable and the Seizin Press. A second novel, *The Grown Ups* by Catherine Whitcomb, author of *I'll Mourn You Later*, will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.